

# AD VICES

FROM

PARMANASSUS

By TRAJANO BOCCALINI.

Translated from the ITALIAN.

Observations, Reflections, and Notes.

By a FRIEND to MANKIND.

For the Month of *March*, 1727.

*Nemo hoc in Parvis pressor, in Temperatis ornatior, in magnis sublimior, Nemo Judicem acutius docuit, delectavit jucundius, incitavit ardentius.*

*Naugeri Epist. ad Leo. 10.*

L O N D O N:

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# PROPOSALS.

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TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE

Earl of CHESTERFIELD, &c.

My LORD,



Presume, from your Lordship's known Character of good Sense and Affection for Learning, to present to your Patronage and Friendship, the greatest Man of his Age, to whom *Europe* is obliged for those noble Maxims and brave Sentiments, that make Nations happy and Princes wise.

I found him disguis'd in a mean *English* Dress. The Greatness of his Thoughts receiving no advantageous Lustre from the Meanness of his Circumstances nor his Residence better in Corners, where *Machiavel* more justly ought to lie involved with Infamy and eternal Shame. I have push'd him forwards with a new Equipage; have given him an Embroider'd Coat, that he may not be put out of Countenance in *England*, and may shine equally bright here as he has done abroad.



D E D I C A T I O N.

If I could be so happy as to be thought to do him Justice in all Respects, in your Lordship's Opinion, I shall esteem it a Felicity above even Anxiety: I shall be sure in that Case of the Protection of a great Man, with whom illustrious Qualities strive to outdoe illustrious Blood, and render you com-  
pleatly great, not in the common Sense of the World, but in that which has made *Pomponius Atticus* celebrated to future Ages; Esteem for Merit wherever it is to be found, and Humanity without Party Distinctions. May you have, my Lord, likewise, if it were possible, the Conversation he enjoy'd; be blest'd in this Age, as that great Man was in his Time, with the Friendship of *Cicero*; the highest temporal Felicity the Subjects of *Parnassus* have to wish, or *Apollo* to give, and is the hearty Prayer of

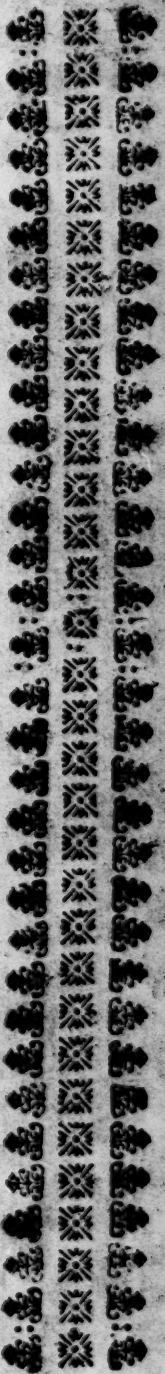
Your Lordship's most Obliged

And most Humble Servant,

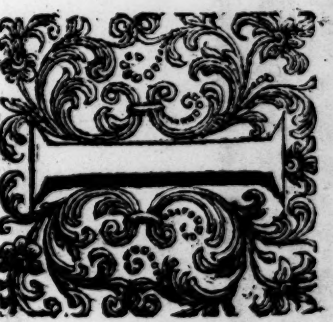


The EDITOR.





## The PREFACE.



Am now preparing to take my Flight with One who has soar'd very high upon the Wings of Fame: I hope the Reader will wish me a happy Voyage, that I may not lose my Companion out of Sight, nor melt my Wings with the Ardour of the Attempt.

He will find in Boccacini, the Statesman, Historian, Critick, and Man of Humour, all blended together, that render him entertaining, instructive, and delightful. If I can keep up to him, the Reader will not be weary of either, and we shall have no Murmur on that Side of the World.

Menante made me a Visit from Parnassus as soon as I had finish'd the Work for the first Month; he observ'd a sort of Displeasure in my Looks, as generally attends Men in my Way, who look with ill Humour always upon an ill-humour'd World.

I told him, the Italian Singing had extinguish'd all the Italian good Sense: That Monoculus gave Thirty Guineas to Madam Faustina, and refus'd One for Boccacini. Menante told me, all Musick of that Nature was esteem'd cum grano salis, and some other Passions besides, that for Musick were affected thereby.

I replied, I thought there was some Harmony in good Sense.

He told me, good Sense never stir'd the muddy Streams that run through Bogs and Marshes, and was very sorry for my Fate, in applying that Way: He put me in Mind of Apollo's Sentence upon a Bear, aged 55; he ordered him Stripes for running after an Italian Song. See Advice 7. Cent. 1.

I desir'd him not to acquaint the Academies of Banchi and del Crusca with our English Taste, nor to mention a Word thereof at Parnassus; and so we parted.

I am very confident still, our Author is able to make his Way thro' without a Apuleius's Metamorphoses; if I should not prove so unhappy as to flag, and hang heavily upon his Wings, and so leave the Reader to his Genius, my self to my orem, whether Good or Evil, and bid him heartily farewell.

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(a) Apuleius endeavouring to be metamorphos'd into a Bird, was turn'd into an Ass.









# ADVICES

FROM

## PARNASSUS.

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### CENTURY I.

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ADVICE I.

*The Political Ware-House at PARNASSUS.*

**T**HE Affair so long under Debate with the Political Gentlemen at *Parnassus*, to open a Publick Ware-house there, and settle certain Privileges belonging to their Society, was concluded last Week. The Show was very pompous and magnificent, as well as useful; and *Ménante* hopes the Account thereof will not be incurious or unacceptable to the World.

I. Here was a sort of Stuffing, valued only by the Wife, and neglected by Fools; it was compos'd of Flocks taken from the invaluable Cloth of Prudence, and made from the finest Wool, called Patience: These Flocks are of excellent use to stuff the Pack-

B

saddles



## 2      A D V I C E S   *from*   P A R N A S S U S .

saddles of Slavery, that they may not gall the Backs of those tame Creatures who take up the Load of a Court, that they may not wince and fly out at the Pinches of Slavery, like some allur'd thither with the Prospect of Command and Pleasure, find, to their Cost, they must obey. A great deal was bought by young Asses at home, who might pass from *parental and private Servitude* with more Ease to bear the severe Discipline of Court Indignities, and the bitter Consequences thereof.

II. Here were PENCILS for Princes, who paint for the Benefit of their Subjects, Black for White, and White for Black: There is a great Demand for these Pencils by little Knaves, who drive on a Trade by themselves, and adulterate Colours very much.

III. SPECTACLES for Rakes, who in their Lust distinguish nothing, neither as to the Honour or Infamy of an Action, nor to the Quality or Inclination, Affinity or Friendship, of the Person they have to deal with. The Number sold were a Proof how little without 'em Men cou'd see in their Lusts.

SPECTACLES to darken and diminish the Sight. Politicians affirm how necessary they are to put upon the Noses of Men of Sense and Humanity at a Court, who cannot bear the naked View of Things there, and yet are necessary to make their publick Appearance, and seem to look for a Colour: See they cannot, and to hide their Eyes is criminal with their great Patrons.

SPECTACLES for those Gentlemen who can receive Benefit and not see their Benefactors. These Spectacles are made of very fine Materials, a renaceous Memory of good Things receiv'd, and past Friendship not buried in Oblivion.

SPECTACLES to make a Flea appear an Elephant, and a Pigmy a Giant: Great Men buy 'em up for their abus'd Dependents, to see their Master's Smiles, and all their imaginary Favours magnified thro' the false and deceitful Medium of these Spectacles.

SPECTACLES invented in *Flanders*, by which Men see Pre-ferments bob at their very Noses; they can neither taste, smell nor feel.

IV. Here are sold HUMAN EYES; for no Man can see his own Affairs so well with his own Eyes as with others; and Politicians affirm there is no Invention in the World so proper to lead us into a Knowledge of ourselves; the most important Felicity of great Men.

V. They have also a sort of COMPASSES, not of Silver, Brass, or Steel, but of the clearest Interest, and of the most untainted Reputation in the whole Mine of Honour: These Compasses are of most admirable Use to measure ~~our~~ Actions by; for it is evident  
by





by daily Experience, that the too common Compasses, allayed with Caprice, Self-Interest, &c. will not answer in the Attempt to draw Parallel Lines; but our Compasses are of admirable use to measure the Leaps we are obliged to take, and to know the Breadth and Depth of the Ditches in our way, that we may not stop short and be smother'd in the Mud of Folly. These Compasses are moreover of use to measure the Actions of Fools, who assume the State of Princes in a private Capacity, and never learn'd to square their Abilities with their Condition: These Gentlemen likewise sell a Mathematical Instrument, much in request with Land-Surveyors, upon which they lay down a Square that exactly fits the Conversation of those with whom they are to deal, and to transact Affairs of Secrecy and Importance.

They have IRON INSTRUMENTS, resembling those used by Chyrurgeons and Tooth-drawers, to open the Jaws and extend the Throats of Courtiers, who are obliged, by the Honourable Rules of their Station, to swallow great Pompons, of small Virtue, instead of little Mastick Pills, of greater Power and Efficacy.

Here are a good Quantity of CIRCUMSPECTIVE BROOMS, for the use of Courtiers to sweep away the Beans scatter'd upon the Stairs, by a busy Set of People, who are more able to embarrass others Affairs than advance their own. These Gentlemen always carry on Attacks against Reputation and Fame. These Beans often make a Court a Break-neck Place.

Here is also a sort of FINE INK, equal in its Weight to Gold, and exceeding the most beautiful Ultramarine Azure; which distills from the Pen of an ingenious Writer, upon good Paper, an immortal Balm, that preserves their Memories to future Ages, and consumes that of Fools with Putrefaction and Stench to Ashes. By this the Great live after Death, and the Ignorant alone depart as soon as their Eyes are clos'd: This *Balsam* is certainly more than human; the Virtue of the Ointment extends beyond the Grave; it passes over the Body there, and anoints the Spirit of a Man for Eternity.

There Politicians likewise sell an excellent Stomachick Oyl for the Digestion of Courtiers, whose Patience may be weakened by repeated bitter and choking Morfels, prepar'd and cook'd up in that Place.

There are little GLASS-PHIALS of HUMAN SWEAT; a great Quantity whereof *Mennie* bought at a reasonable Price; this squeez'd from the Labours of learned Men, is very odiferous, like Musk and Civet, and casts a sweet Perfume all around.

They have a great Vent for a CORDIAL CONFECTION, to attenuate the gross Humour in the Stomach of a *Stoick*, to make them devour with Appetite what they nauseated before, and what  
all



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all good Men hate. These distastful Morfels (tho' refus'd by some) must be taken by the Generality, to please great Men, who will not bear their Impositions to be swallow'd with Reluctance; and what they give, others must swallow greedily.

But of the most general Use are a perfum'd Sweetmeat, most excellent to correct the Breath of Ministers of State, Privy Counsellors and Senators, whose nasty Secrets often putrify in their Bodies.

In a separate Place they have all their Instruments, by which Colts are broke in the Infancy of their Wildness, and Horses fetter'd and lock'd up. Fools think these Contrivances proper only for Beasts, yet Experience has given them a great Reputation; for Men of a hot impetuous Nature, who are all for Hurry and Precipitation, and venture their Affairs and all rather with the Post than with the Maturity of the Carrier.

The most universal Vent of the whole Ware-house, is for a Sort of Fans, not made of Ostrich or Peacock's Feathers, but of Herbs and Flowers by the Observation of *Andreas Matthiolus* the *Delphick Herbalist*: Aconite has there been found very useful, not for a cooling Fan in the Hears of Summer, but to chase very troublesome Insects, on whom a Dagger and Violence is very ill and too dangerously bestow'd.

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## OBSERVATIONS.

**I** Suppose *Menante* has expos'd only the first Day's Show of this Political Magazine; for I believe the whole would endure as long as the *Fair of St. Germain* at *Paris*, or *Sturbridge* in *England*: For this Ware-house contains all the Instruments of Slavery; as Saddles, Bridles, Whips and Scourges, with fine Inscriptions set upon them, of Liberty, publick Good, Utility, and the like; just as some Lords take their Ancestors Motto's, and none of their Virtues, into their Equipage.

As for LIBERTY, it is a fine, and almost a perfect, State of existing; but it is too good, too great, for earthly Mansions: There is no Room for it with us Mortals; it is adapted rather for the *Aethereal Habitations*, where it has Bounds without Sight, and no Restraint within its View.

But when I am speaking of real Liberty, I do not mean that, Politicians sell, and Fools buy; for the Word Liberty with them signifies only a full Enjoyment of Power to oppress and destroy.

When a Jockey tells me I am at Liberty to buy his Horse or let it alone, and at the same Time enlarges upon his Beauty, Strength, Swiftness and Shape,



Shape, and conceals the inward Defects, a Founder, or a broken Wind, and I am so great a Fool as to believe him; he lies in saying I am at Liberty; my Understanding is in Chains, and my external Actions are the Consequences of that Slavery.

*Harvey* never more effectually prov'd the Circulation of the Blood, than I can prove the Circulation of Slavery through the World; and all this proceeds from rampering with this political Ware-house, where Persons come of all Ranks, to carry away something for their own Mischief. Independent Monarchs, with their indefeasible Right, and being accountable to God alone, seem to bid, to human View, the fairest for this Liberty; yet I have often seen them come for Spectacles, when their Eyes are good, for Lamps to shine at Noon-Day; and for Stocks to set their own Feet in; all furnish'd by Merchants, who have serv'd a great many Years before they could step in to set up for themselves. Even these Men, after their Fatigue, shall arrive at the Height to govern their Superiors, and be govern'd by their own Inferiors at the same Time. This I call the Circulation of Slavery in the World.

View the Gaiety of a Court; so have I known an Aviary of Birds sing, spruce up themselves, and show their finest Feathers to the Sun, and have their little *Operas* and *Amours* too, (though with less Guilt and no publick Shame) yet they are Prisoners still: They neither chuse their Meat, nor tast the natural Fountains, or streaming Brooks of Liberty in the Woods.

Thus Courtiers live an unnatural forc'd Life; the foolish Crowd admire the Splendor of their Equipages; yet they are drawn as effectually as their Horses draw them; they obey the Whip, and when the Coachman gets up, they must go all his Paces of Madnels or Discretion, as Chance or good Luck have furnish'd him with.

*Boccalini* may very well call one sort of Courtiers Pack-Asses; and their Pack-saddles require very good Stuffing to make them easy; but these are the lower Sort of Courtiers, who carry a Load upon their Backs without knowing what it is, and unload at a Market only for their Master's Pleasure: Their Shoulders may be bruise'd, and their Backs raw, and Stripes are the deserv'd Portion of that Set of Fools.

But they who know for what they serve, take Care in Time to be paid with a proportionable Share of their Master's Sense; and this is always attended with the Trappings of Grandeur, and furnish out what we call a big Statesman, a *Mazarine*, or a *Richlieu*. But big as they are, they are all supply'd from our Ware-house at *Parnassus*.

One *Virtuoso* took the Hint from Sir *Isaac Newton's* Treatise of Colours, to separate all those different refrangible Rays of Light; put them into his Chest of Drawers, and dispose of any Colour, wither simple or mix'd, for the Benefit of any Statesman who wanted them.

One Great Man came to buy such a Mixture of Rays, as might make a Lustre for his most wicked Actions; the *Virtuoso* who follow'd *Seneca* in the Study of Morality and the Practice of Avarice would have sold any Colour for any Vice, if the Statesman would pay for the Varnish; was nevertheless so honest as to inform him, *Apollo's* Beams would not do; that the same was of so spongy a Nature, its Surface would not reflect those pure Rays



of Light; but that the Devil had a *Phosphorus* he gave gratis, that would make a tolerable Light in a dark Age; but it was of no long Duration, and could never bear the Sun-shine.

I have indeed observ'd, that Politicians deal very much in Light and Colours, as well as Darknels; but that this infernal *Phosphorus* is of greater and more universal Use than that pure Light of *Apollo*: By this, ill Men shine and glitter in the Face of the World; it will stand the Test of the *Panegyrick*, *Epistles Dedicatory*, *Sermons*, and all the pompous Flattery of a mercenary Age, and go out with the Generation that lights it up.

The most curious Course of Experiments I ever saw, were in the OPTICK-CHAMBERS of this Ware-house. The Variety of those surprising Instruments, and their more! surprising Effects, are too long for a Place in these Observations of mine.

As for OPTICKS, they had a Pair of Eyes form'd in such a Manner, as to see thro' a Man as though he was cased with Glafs; and his Entrails, Brains, and all appear'd at one View. A certain Bishop had a Pair made after that Model, and sent him for a Present by *Apollo*, intended chiefly for the Benefit of his Master; but he made only a private use of them for himself, to find out only who were his own Agents, Pimps, Tools, Subjects, Slaves, &c.

As for CATOPTRICKS, there was a large Room, impannell'd on one Side with a Looking-Glafs, into which, as soon as a Politician enters, he does not see his own Face by Reflection, but as great a Rogue as himself, who liv'd perhaps 1000 Years ago: This is call'd Parallel Reflection. I beg'd a Piece of this Glafs about the Breadth of a Hand, and brought it to several Courts in *Europe*; I held it in my Palm, directly parallel with the Face of some great Man I fix'd my Eye upon, expecting by the Mediation of their *Phizzes* to find out some of the Antients.

A certain Bishop in the Low Countries oblig'd me with the Face of *Judas Iscariot*: I was at the first Sight so offended with the View of that Reverend Pontifical Rascal, who eat his Master's Bread, kept his Purse, and betray'd him, that I was like those, who, by conjuring in Jest, raise the Devil in Earnest; the Glafs fell out of my Hand, and I with Pain recovered it again.

I went to the *Venetian Senate* to find out a *Tiberian* Pensioner; but, to my Surprise, I saw none. I was thinking of coming nearer Home, but Curiosity led me to *Rome*; I staid there Three Popes Reigns, found neither *Hildebrand* nor *Julius*, nor indeed One of the antient *Italian* Politicians arise. I had a great Curiosity to take a View of that Hero *Julius Cæsar*, to very little Purpose; I saw his Fists in the *Roman Treasury*: But the Lineaments of his Face were so worn and batter'd, I could not distinguish 'em.

To return: As for DIOPTRICKS, besides the Spectacles *Boccalini* mention'd, there were various Sorts, some for the Mob, others for Men of Penetration, and Fools. But I observ'd no Difference in the two last, and they had the same Effect, provided they were handsomely fix'd upon the Nose.

There was a MICROSCOPE very much ask'd for by the Cowards, to magnify little Dangers; to make a Pond seem a Sea, a Horse an Elephant, and a Foot a Plot, &c.



A Telescope to see through the Pores of a Millstone. *Apollo* has had several Accounts of the large Discoveries made in that ponderous Mass of *Heterogeneous Matter*; some *Virtuosi* have demonstrated, that it was always in intestine Motion, though it seems to lie still, and has not mov'd from its Place Ten Years together; that it is a dangerous Body, and if Two so happen to meet, the Consequences might be very dreadful to pacifick Potentates.

There was a Sort of double TELESCOPES that give a compleat View of the Body and Soul at once: Let the Distance be never so great at which *Mennante* takes his Sight; the Body appears proportionably large, and the Soul less. This Telescope is for the Courts of Princes: I have been surpriz'd to see such great Machines mov'd by so minute and so inconsiderable a Principle lodg'd within. But how are they mov'd from Place to Place, from the *Opera* to the *Church*, the *Senate* or the *Park*; their Houses or their Chairmen bear a very great Share in the Motion: The Soul lies very quiet in the Breast, without one generous Effort to Glory, Honour, or true Patriotism.

From these OPTICK-CHAMBERS I was carried to the Mathematical-Instrument House, and was very much delighted with a *Terrestrial Globe*, of which *Richieu* was the *Atlas*.

A very large Tract of Land possess'd the *Western* Part of that *Globe*; it was call'd the *Land of Promise*; it was peopled chiefly by Fools with wide Mouths, and not Two Degrees better than Naturals: The Soil had a shining Surface like Silver, and the Sands of the River were taken for Gold: In short, it was a Country very beautiful to the Eye, and deceitful to the Taste; the Inhabitants were meagre, thin, and half-starv'd; yet all the Year the Trees were in Blossom; the *Glebe* was industriously sow'd with Chaff; but no Man saw Fruit or Corn in the Place: As fast as the *Western* Winds blew away the Blossoms, new Ones succeeded, equally promising, and equally unsuccessful.

At certain Seasons of the Year, a Ship would come to the Shore, and take on Board a few of the starv'd Inhabitants from this Fairy-Land. *Mennante* told me a Poet came there, wasted in a light Politician's *Canoe*; he was charm'd with the Beauties of the Place, he sung the Praise of every Vale and murmuring Rivulet, 'till his Spirits sunk for want of solid Food. A Ship just in Time arriv'd, carried him away, and dropt him where the Muses are very grossly fed.

The frigid *Zone* of this *Globe*, *Mennante* tells me, is Seventy Degrees more intensely cold than *Greenland*: It is inhabited by discarded Couriers, fallen Ministers of State, broken Trademen, and a Set of very honest Divines who have Learning, Honesty, and Wit, that never dress'd for *Lambeth*.



## A D V I C E II.

*A Poet seiz'd with a Pack of Cards in his Pocket.*

**T**O clear the Habitations of *Parnassus* from the Insults of ignorant Pretenders, *Apollo* was pleas'd some Years since to send to *Sicily* for Two wretched Companies of frothy Poets, Men who had light Conceits and Rhime at their Fingers Ends, to scour the Plains, and patrolle in their Turns. They seiz'd a certain Poetaster, who had capitally incur'd *Apollo's* Displeasure, and was banish'd from those sacred Abodes, with an Interdiction, moreover, of Pen, Ink, and Paper: Yet this presumptuous Man, in open Rebellion against his Sovereign, was continually blotting guiltless Paper, and ingloriously assum'd the glorious Name of a Poet. The poor and unfortunate Man had a fresh Accumulation of Guilt, by a Pack of Cards found in his *Pocket*; Goods intirely prohibited at *Parnassus*. *Apollo* was amaz'd at the Brutality of the Invention of vicious Men, to cultivate Idleness, blast their Reputation, and waste their Estates at once: He was more amaz'd at their turning Jest into Earnest, so far, as to hazard the Materials so essential to human Happiness, that gave *Aristotle* Learning and *Alexander* Greatness. *Apollo* demanded of the Gentleman, what Game at the Cards was most familiar and easy to him: He replied, *Trump*: His Majesty commanded him to show the Game; and having penetrated into the Myseries of the same, he broke forth into Admiration: That this was the true Philosophy of Courtiers, and a Scene worthy of all Men to know, who had any Pretensions to common Sense. *Apollo* was mightily concern'd at the rough Treatment of this Philosopher, and made him amends, with the Title of *Virtuoso* and a full Discharge: He commanded the Beadles to assign him a particular College, and Three Hundred *Scudi per Annum*, to read Lectures upon the most excellent Game of *Trump*: He enjoy'd the *Platonists* and *Peripateticks* to repair to those Lectures, and to play at the same for Exercise and Improvement, One Hour in the Day at least. The Learned were surpriz'd, that a Game us'd by Constable and Watch, Bailiffs and Porters, could contain any Instructions useful to Life: Nevertheless a due Deference to their Sovereign's Wisdom prevail'd upon them to frequent those Lectures: But they were no sooner let into the Secrets of that profound Game, than the Wisdom of their Master more appear'd; and



and concluded, that neither Philosophy, Poetry, Mathematicks, or Astrology, nor any other Learning, could equal the admirable Game of *Trump*; especially in Courts, by insinuating this important Secret, THAT THE LEAST TRUMP TAKES THE BEST CARDS.

## OBSERVATIONS.

THAT *Apollo* was perfectly in the Right to clear *Parnassus* from doggerel Poets I shall not question. I call 'em the *Gnats* of that Country, and are bred from the Puresfaction of Ditches and the Coldness of Fens: But when I find one of them strong enough to draw Blood and sting, I cannot say they are useless; even though they are unfortunately crush'd as *Boccalini* himself was, gorg'd with Vices not his own, before he had Time to spew 'em up. *Butler* was one of those strong and vigorous Gnats in *England*: And this Poetaster was no Fool, who read more in a Pack of Cards than some do from whole Libraries: For my Part, I had rather digest a Pack of Cards, than read Three Hundred Volumes of the best Books in the World raw; and I believe, with the Help of a Pack, I can play with any Minister of State, so far, that he shan't see mine 'till I play 'em; and I will guess at his after I have seen one or two of the Tricks he has got. But this by the by.

The Game at Whisk depends very much upon what Card is Trump one Deal, and which another.

When *Clubs* is Trump, the Duce of *Diamonds* stands a very poor Chance; his want of Power makes him contemptible, and his Remoteness from Court, takes away Suspicion from the most watchful and curious Eye of any Danger from him: None think it worth their while to give him a Nip or a Mark to know him again. This is his low and unfortunate Station that Deal; and it is in vain to stand against irresistible Fate: Therefore when Power is so strong, hide your Head in the Bulrushes for a while: Contempt is often the best most and secure Covering.

But as there are Revolutions in *Cards* as well as in other human Affairs; after Two or Three Cuts, it is possible *Diamonds* may be Trump, and then a new Scene opens; the Duce may be in the Suite of the *Diamonds*, and under their Favour, may strike up the Heels of a Knave, or an Ace of the contrary Parry, get the odd Trick, and win even the Game.

From hence a Man with Vivacity and *Genius*, may learn never to despair in any low Situation of Life; not to be disturb'd when he sees the Knaves strut upon the *Carpet*, when he knows their Insolence, and can't get at 'em.

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This



## 13      A D V I C E S   f r o m   P A R N A S S U S .

This therefore is a Secret every Statesman ought to know, that no Grandeur or Power is secure against Trumping. Of this I shall give a plain and evident Instance in the Reign of King *Charles I.* It was establish'd upon a Foundation as plausibly strong as that of any of his Neighbours: He had no personal Vices to tarnish it, nor even the Shadow of a Standing Army to affright his People; Peace Abroad, and Plenty at Home, were Columns firm enough to support any but the most unfortunate Reign in the World: Yet by what low and mean Cards were his Ministers first, and himself trump'd at last. In the Year 1641. those Cobblers work'd in a Stall, who, in the Year 1648, brought One of the greatest Princes upon Earth to the Block; and all the rest of the mechanick Trades came into the Suite, and carry'd away Nobles in Links of Iron; profan'd even the Notions of Gentility, by assuming the Titles of Lords and Knights; 'till the Nine of *Diamonds*, the Plague of *Ireland*, and the Curse of *Scotland*, trump'd those mean Gentlemen in their Turns, and prov'd the Blessing of *England*.

How mean a Card was *Richieu* when he pored over Controversy, and spoil'd as many Books as he read; yet he trump'd his Master, and the Queen, who came with him in the same Hand; *Spades* were Trumps; the *Clubs* could not come near him, the *Hearts* hated him, and the *Diamonds* could never cut him through: *Hearts*, the most loyal Cards in the *Pack*, he trump'd on Purpose to make them useless; not that they hated the King or the Game of *France*, but purely because they were not *Spades*: A Method too common with Ministers of State.

I have known a Footman get the Ascendency of his Master, and another Footman supplant him, and a Master govern'd by a successive Series of those supplanting Rascals to his Grave. The little Cards are always busy, while the great Ones, trusting to their Grandeur, move slow, and have their Heels trip'd up by the Activity of Scoundrels.

I would not be understood, to call all low Cards Scoundrels; for often Men in low Stations, with Understanding, take in a vast Compas of Power, and no Man knows when he is out of their Reach: For as all Power is acquir'd by particular Methods of Prudence and Observation, joy'n'd to Success; so it is often lost by the Neglect of that Prudence on one Side, and an invincible Application on the other; and I have by nothing known Men more often ruin'd, than by Pride, the Mother of Indolence.

How beautifully is the Superiority of Wisdom describ'd in *Ecclesiastes*: *This Wisdom have I seen also under the Sun, and it seem'd great to me. There was a little City, and few Men within it, and There came a great King against it and besieg'd it, and built great Bulwarks against it. Now there was found in it a Poor Wise Man; and he by his Wisdom deliver'd the City, yet no Man remembered that same Poor Man: Then said I, Wisdom is better than Strength, Eccle. ix. 13, 14, 15, 16. Yet these Advances are not always made by Wisdom: Fortune often springs up Mushrooms in a Night, or starts up Fools into Power: Such dear Nurseries I have seen of that blind Whore, who fondles without Affection, and nurses without Choise; and these Fools shall baffle all Humane Wisdom, and Power, and Dominion; confute the common Maxims of Policks, and still be fortunate.*

But



But I do not design to give the Empire of human Events wholly to Fortune, nor intirely to Wisdom: I have seen Towns closely guarded with the Caution of War, when no Enemy was near; and I laugh at Men in Power, who fancy nothing jostles 'em in the Strength of that Power.

Ideas work'd up by Reflection and Judgment have a prodigious Force; by them *Shafsbury* undertook to walk King *Charles* out of his Dominions; and *Mazarine* understood this so well, that with all the Power of *France*, he trembled at the Name of *Cromwel*; he was more afraid of the Reach of that snivelling Usurper's Understanding than of his Cannon, tho' they were both terrible in their Turns.

It is the Opinion of many, that Thousands of invisible Spirits watch every Pulse of Thought, and crowd over our Dreams; and how often they disturb the pure Fountains of the Head no Body can tell.

Likewise Thousands of invisible Powers watch over Statesmen, that no Informations nor Indictments can guard against. A peevish Historian, is writing this Man eternally infamous, who goes with Pomp and Flattery to the Grave; another is pulling his Foible, his Vanity, and his false Glory into Pieces; and when *Demophilus* rides the Streets with the Huzzas and Acclamations of the People, he receives a Wound from he knows not whom; he Courts by wholesale, and suffers by Retail; one Man of Sense an Enemy, is more terrible than the Powers of a Standing Army.

### ADVICE III.

#### Apollo's Concern for the Assassination of Henry IV. of France.

**B**Y an Express from *Paris* on the 22d Instant at Night, from the *Vintuosi* there, *Apollo* receiv'd Advice of the Assassination of the great *Henry IV. of France*: The News sensibly affected our Monarch, that he wept behind a Cloud a whole Shower of Tears: The Literati of several Nations, *Spanish, English, Flemish, Germans*, and *Italians* had their Shares in this universal Grief, and even the *French* mourn'd his Fate in Tears of Blood. Our Prince, in the Agonies of Grief, cried out, that the World was returning surely to its first Chaos, when Wickedness was become the prevailing Principle over all; that Men cou'd lay aside the natural Concern for Life, to purchase enormous Infamy, instead of true and sterling Fame.

Two Days after the Arrival of the Courier, the Rites due to his Memory were perform'd; all *Parnassus* was hung in Black, and the Literati put on Mourning Cloaks, to show their Esteem for the

*Mæcenas*



*Macenas* and Father of Learning: The Muses, in the most mournful Manner, assisted at his Obequies; nor has there been more universal Grief since the Departure of *Augustus*. Two Hundred Funeral Orations were compos'd in his Praise; but all too feeble to make their way thro' the Crowds of weeping Spectators and a sorrowful Audience.

*Apollo*, for mere Pity and Compassion, commanded an End to be put to Lamentations, to let Remembrance sleep, that kept open the Fury and Anguish of those Wounds; and as the Loss was great, to lessen it by taking away Grief: Moreover, the Praises justly due to that great and invincible Monarch, wanted no Addition of human Art to set 'em forth.

Moreover, in Consideration of the Merits of the *French* Nation, in Regard to *Parnassus*, and the numerous Labours of their learned Men, carefully preserv'd in the *Delphick* Library, *Apollo* order'd his Allies and Friends Sixty Thousand Pack-Horses from *Arcadia* into *France*.

Some Literati, surpris'd at this particular Resolution, observ'd that *France* wanted not a brave and numerous Nobility, who rather press'd after Dangers than fear'd 'em: She having acquir'd by her Valour so potent a Monarchy, they cou'd not conceive she wanted Means to preserve the same, and therefore Pack-Horses certainly were a feeble and unnecessary Aid.

*Apollo* answer'd: An arm'd Nobility were not so great a Security to the Peace and Tranquility of that Country, as the Union of its Inhabitants, and Reflection upon the past Miseries, the Conflagrations, Ravages, and Plunderings of Forty Years Civil War. These Pack-horses, he concluded, were the best Remembrancers in the World, who, BY THEIR NATURAL INSTINCT, OR NATURAL PRUDENCE, CAREFULLY AVOIDED THE ROAD THEIR NECKS WERE IN DANGER FROM BEFORE.

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## OBSERVATIONS.

AS for the assassinating of Princes, no Man abhors it more than my self; as I indeed detest all unfair Ways of putting Men to Death, *i. e.* without Judgment, or without being sufficiently upon their Guard: When a Sword is drawn, if a Man suffers by Surprise, it

is



is his own Fault; but when that Sword is sheath'd, it must be drawn again with a proper Formality and due Warning, before any Blood can be fetch'd from a human Creature.

Assassinations and Civil Punishments differ in their Natures: For in Civil Punishments, the Judge and Accuser are distinct Characters, and incompatible with the same Person: I mean in all those Countries where Barbarism does not prevail: But Assassinations are a Species of levying War, because you are the Accuser, Judge, and Executioner in your own Person; and therefore Assassinations must be absolutely unlawful, because they neither belong to Civil Punishments, nor are under the Regulation of the Law of Arms. Why should a Prince lay aside his extraordinary Guards, and that Force with which he conquer'd his Enemies, and walk the Streets without Fear, unless upon a Presumption there are no Enemies in Arms against him? And from whence does that Presumption arise, but that the Sword is sheath'd? This Presumption is from the publick Faith of Mankind, without which we are Brutes, and not rational and sociable Creatures.

I know it is objected by some, that if Men degenerate into Wildness and Brutality, they are to be treated as such: But then what fatal Consequences flow from allowing private Judgments so large a Share of human Judicature, as to turn Men into Beasts; when, even the best Princes in the World, by disemper'd and ill-affected Men, have been call'd Tyrants: We must not break the sacred Barriers of human Rights in that Manner. I have known the Arguments carried so far, as to turn all Poppish Princes into Idiots; and if they in Return should pay the same Compliment to us, all Europe would be a Scene of true genuine Folly and Knavery at once.

I agree *Apollo* was perfectly right to go into Mourning upon that sad Occasion; and his Charitable Present of Pack-horses to the *French* Nation would not have been unwelcome in other Countries besides.

*First*, Pack-horses know their Masters, not by a Call or a Whistle, but by a constant Experience; that those Masters lead them no new Ways; that they direct them to their Inns, feed them, and value their Lives and Limbs.

*Secondly*, Pack-horses aim only at keeping in Sight, going the same Road together, and have no Ambition to put on foremost. They go on quietly without Quarrels, Bites, or Kicks; or if a Creature is so vicious as to break that Order, they make him go last

*Thirdly*, Pack-horses never kneel in the Water to increase their Load, but to make it lighter.

*Fourthly*, As *Boccalini* observes, they never go into the same Holes to break their Necks they were in before.

It is really wonderful, these poor Creatures go in the same Paths of Prudence without varying, and excel even Man in his most boasted Talents of Wisdom and Understanding, and are steady in their Practices, and wise in their Pursuits.

I have often reflected upon the Miseries *France* has suffer'd by Civil Wars, and by unnatural Rebellions: That she is perfectly cur'd at present



I do not in the least question; just as you see a Horse cur'd of all his Mettle, by old Age, Stripes, and Blows. But to infuse Wisdom into Nations, is a wild and a romanick Attempt, as to any publick Benefit flowing therefrom: For if it fills the Forum and the Senate; and if *France* had as many wise Men, as it had pretendedly religious Ones in their Convents, the Miseries of that Country would have been equally the same: If Wisdom has no Admittance into the Court, nor no favourable Reception into the Counsels of a Kingdom, there will be Knaves enough within Doors, and Fools without, to answer all the Ends of publick Confusions and Distractions.

If therefore Wisdom has no Entrance into the Courts of Princes, she may walk from Kingdom to Kingdom, and make her Report to *Apollo* at the End of her Expedition; that Crowds ador'd her, and kiss'd the Hem of her Garment: And let her Converts be as numerous as the Christians in *Tertullian's* Days, they are only reserv'd to fall Sacrifices to the next persecuting Tyrant, as they did before.

All the Troubles of *France* were owing to evil Ministers of State, who envied the Virtuous, the Brave, and the Great. For which Reason the Admiral *Coligni* cou'd neither find Favour at Court, nor Security in his most private Retreats: They made his native Soil hostile to him, and then cur'd him for a Rebel. And yet the Partition between Rebellion and Loyalty was so thin, that it depended only upon the meer Chance of War or Stratagem, into whose Hand the political Idol, the Hereditary Monarch fell.

It is an old Trick to take a King Prisoner, without Noise, or letting a Kingdom into the Secret; he shall splendidly be serv'd up at Table, and have the Gringe, the Knees, and all the flattering Marks of Sovereign Power. But the Offices of that Power are in Hands perhaps, equally Enemies to him, as those who are ignominiously called Rebels.

Thus the Hugonots and Papists were successively Rebels, as the King's Person fell into the Hands of one or other. The excluded Party were loaded with all those Epithets that are generally bestow'd upon unfortunate Men.

The Hugonots finding these dreadful Inconveniences flow from the want of the King's Person in their own Hands, contriv'd two ways.

*First*, To get him into their Hands if they cou'd.

*Secondly*, If that fail'd, to abridge and contract his Power so much by original Contracts and other Republican Notions, as made him in no Effect King at all over them; he was very fit for *Beza* to shoot thro' the Head, for the Rabble to depose, and in short, for any Judgment the Saints in Power approved.

But alas! it is Oppression drives unhappy People to find Arguments to reinforce their Practice; and to that Oppression we owe those numerous Treasures of Rebellion publish'd in *France*: But if we ask to whom we owe the Oppression: I answer, to the Intrigues of powerful Factions and the Weakness of Understanding in their Princes.

*Apollo* therefore might send his Pack-horses to the succeeding Prince to *Henry IV.* to put him in mind of the Desolations in that Kingdom. Nine



Hundred Towns and Villages were laid in Ashes before; yet he had not Wit enough to stop the flowing Issues of Blood, nor to find by what evil Counsels he was hurried on to compleat the Miseries of his Country.

I would have Princes take this Warning, never to oppress their Subjects into Insurrection and Rebellions; for Principle in most Men is too weak for Passion; the nobler few, guided by Principle alone, too often themselves fall Sacrifices in Contentions where they have the least Share.

## ADVICE IV.

### *The ugly Front of SENECA'S House.*

HO' the Beauties of *Seneca's* House, for pleasant Situation, fine Gardens, and numerous Fountains, Streams, and Water-works, with its proper Apartments for the Seasons of the Year, and other most exquisite Inventions of human Fancy for Delight, might be compar'd with *Nero's* celebrated House of Gold; nevertheless the Front resembled very much the rotten Rack of a Carriers Stable.

Yet the other Morning, the famous *Michael Angelo* was taking a most curious Draught of the same: *Pierius*, *Valerianus* passing by, wonder'd at his Taste, in delineating so disagreeable a Figure: He ask'd him how so wretched a Front cou'd tempt so fair a Pencil to draw its fair Lineaments out, and Copy after Deformity. I had it from *Pierius*, that *Angelo* replied in this manner.

Sir, how mean soever this Front appears to you, it has all the Advantage and Beauty of the *Dorick*, *Ionick*, *Corinthian* and *Composite* Orders; and in the Opinion of *Vitruvius* himself, this poor Appearance in your Eyes, is really the Eighth Wonder of the World; and I was order'd by *John Girolamus Aquaviva*, Duke of *Atti*, my worthy Patron and Friend, to take this Draught, to be sent by him for the Benefit of some *Neapolitan* Lords, whose Vanity of appearing, outruns their Merit, that they may learn the Disposition of wise Men, WHO WITHOUT THE PAIN OF AFFECTING TO SEEM WHAT THEY ARE NOT, ARE REALLY BETTER THAN THEY APPEAR.



## OBSERVATIONS.

HERE is not, in my Opinion, a more beautiful, nor a more instructive Study than the Architecture of Faces; nor in nothing are Mankind more frequently deceiv'd. In Houses we may be apt to judge of the Architect's Skill by the Outside; but in Faces it is otherwise, because GOD is the Architect there, who cannot be defective in Skill, Wisdom, Contrivance, or Design.

Therefore in this Case, we cannot lay down establish'd Rules, but only make some transient Observations as they fall into our Way. If a Man publishes a Book, we know how to correct him; we can measure his Height, Breadth, and intire Capacity; but in Faces it is otherwise: For if they are perfectly compos'd, and do not let a Man in at the Eyes, the Nose, or the Mouth; let the outward Form be never so irregular, or even beautiful, it is equally impossible to enter, as to force a Way into a fortify'd Town, when all the Centinels are upon a strict Guard: It is therefore certainly in a Man's Power, who is not a Natural, and has the Command of the Muscles of his Face, to look wise. I have known a great many Statesmen owe their Fame for Solidity of Judgment and deep Penetration to this admirable Art of looking upon their Guard; and I know a certain Prince, who asks Advice of very few, yet takes Care to have a standing Counsel of wise Faces, and tall proportionable Men to fill the Counsel-board and his Life-Guard: And in my Opinion, most Courts of Princes resemble Architecture in this Respect; all the Outside is Ornament, while the Kitchen, the most useful Office, where all the Harm or Good is cooking, is cast behind in some obscure Place; and the most curious Traveller has not the Curiosity to pay it a Visit; nor indeed in any Books of Travels, not even that of the famous *Lemuel Gulliver*; have I known any Regard paid to the Structure and Furniture of that important Room.

Those who understand Architecture and the Proportion thereof, will find that Man is really a Pillar, and the Face the Entrablature that contains the *Architrave*, *Frieze*, and *Cornice*; and as in Pillars we may find the five Orders, so we may find the *Tuscan-Doric*, *Ionick* and *Corinthian* in Men, tho' the Proportion is sometimes a little confounded; the *Doric* Capitals generally look the wisest, and greatest for Counsel or Command: The *Tryglyphs*, or hollow Channels, seem to be deep Receptracles of Gravity and Wisdom.

I shall not trouble the Reader here with too much of this: I can reduce the most seeming irregular Man to these Rules; and what are call'd the ugly, ill-shapen Fellows, only invert the Proportion, and may be reduced even to Rule that Way.

The Beaus are generally of the *Ionick* Order; tall, well-shap'd, and are more for Ornament than Use; for which Reason, this Order is call'd the Feminine one. The *Capitals* are very slender, and have generally beautiful Channels; but these Pillars are seldom us'd for any Majestick and lasting Building. They



They are very proper for an Opera-House or a Theatre, or a Booth in *Barbomew Fair*: Some give them a Twining with Ivy-Branches, as tho' they wanted *Support* by the Embrace of something as near their own Species as possible, soft, pliable, and insinuating.

But what *Boccalini* means, by wise Men being like the rotten Rack of a Carriers Stable, is, I suppose, the *Tryphical* Figure their Faces make that very much resemble the Hollow of those Racks: For being generally wasted by Thought, Study, and Application; they look a little more hideously than the *lowick* Gentlemen, and no Ivy twists round their dry and rough Surfaces.

The Allusion to *Seneca's* House is very beautiful; the Front was not agreeable to the Eye; yet the Disposition behind that Front made the whole the Wonder of the World.

For certainly, the Face of a Man may justly be call'd the Front of a Building; and the numerous Apartments lie behind in the Brain. I call the Head of a Man the House of *Wisdom*; and it is more often to be let unfurnish'd than furnish'd: For I have known the Rooms very large and capacious, and some People so very careless, as to take nothing in except a little *Lumber*.

I have seen some Houses, fairly fronted, with no Depth behind for fine Furniture or Gardens, with Cascades and Water-works to play. This is the common Way of building within Fifty Miles of *London*: The Front is next some great Road, for every Fool to look in and thro', and furnish'd with Sash Windows and numerous Lights to help their inward Prospect; and perhaps all you see, is a Parrot, a Bird-cage, and a Lap-dog.

So may you see a well-dress'd Beau make a very agreeable Figure in the Front; yet behind the Head lies very shallow. There are no Con- trivances for any more than for a few Ideas of no Consequence to himself or the World, and no Man of Judgment will stop long to admire it.

For my Part, as Contemplation and Retirement are my belov'd Enjoyments, I should rather build my Front mean, and make my House deep; and have Gardens likewise, but no hot Beds, nor Arts to push out my Fruits: Nature should send them forth in their proper Seasons, ripe, well-flavour'd and delicious to the Taste; not like *Lee's* Plays, and *Addison's* *Cato*.

The Avenue to my House should not be a common Path-way for every Fool to tread, come up and stare at. I would order my *Woodman* to cut down Thorns, and fling them in the Way to stop a too impertinent Access: A wise Man would even prick his Fingers to satisfy his Curiosity; whereas another will not take the Pains, and if he comes near, will look about him and pils upon the Front for want of Thought or Judgment.

But when good Fortune brings a wife Friend into my way, I will carry him through all my Apartments, not keep a secret Closet of *Rarities* from him, and hug him in my *Bosom*.

Very few Houses of that Sort will bear that free and unreserv'd Inter- course of Friendship. *Seneca* would be unwilling to let a virtuous Man see his Treasury of Millions stolen from Orphans, just separated by a thin Partition from his System of Morality.



Some Apartments in my House, I should be very curious in having nearly furnish'd at least.

*First*, In my painted Chamber of Fancy, I would have some natural Resemblance of all the Parts of moral Virtue, that I might never be at a Loss to cloath and beautify every Thought with Nature. By this I would persuade: For though Instruction is the first practical Operation of Reason, Persuasion shall finish what that can never go through. This is the Art of Oratory, that melts in the Pulpits, shakes in the Senate, and beats up for Honour and Love for One's Country, in the most base and degenerate Age.

For want of this Fancy, Books have encreas'd in Weight and lost in Power: Heaps of useless Antiquity, rising Criticism, balderdash Poetry, indigestible Commentaries, and dull Histories, have plagu'd the *World*. I might add unprofitable Sermons and long Speeches in the House.

*Secondly*, Therefore as I hate to see a House furnish'd with coarse Painting, so I likewise detest all gross Notions and monstrous Ideas: And as I have old Lumbar and rotten Chairs, I never enter such a House, but I fancy I see an *Antiquarians* Head, too heavy for its Back, and make it bend with a superfluous Weight of Medals, old Cathedrals, and religious Houses; the Foundations whereof are often search'd for in Dog-Kennels and the Stables of Noblemen; and sometimes the Chapel may be found in his Kitchen, and the Place of the Altar just where his Chopping-board stands.

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## A D V I C E V.

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*A Debate concerning the Republick of V E N I C E, decided by the serene Liberty of V E N I C E her self.*

**A** Memorable Debate arose six Days since, with several learned Men, concerning the excellent Laws and Institutions that preserv'd *Venice*, incorrupted in Prosperity and Grandeur; and Variety of Opinions very much divided that Assembly; each Man delivering his own private Sentiments, and with equal Vigour defending the same: They at last unanimously concluded to refer the Sum of those warm Debates to the most serene Republick; to which she with her usual Frankness agreed.

PETER CRINIT first opened upon this Occasion: We are very sensible, says he, that by the Laws of Nature, all created Beings beneath the Moon have, in their Turn, Maturity and Decay; it is really to me amazing to see the Republick of *Venice*, in a manner exempted from these Laws, and to flourish more vigorously in her old Age. The Constitutions, tho' never so good, that in other Countries wear out or perish in Oblivion, in *Venice* only preserve their Stations and their Honour



Honour from Innovation and Contempt: From whence it happily comes to pass, that she is never pushed into the dangerous Extremities and Mutations of the *Roman* and *Florentine* Republicks; her Liberty and her Laws go hand in hand in mutual Friendship and safely together: As *Venice* therefore has none of those Defects in common with her Neighbours; and with others the nicest Care looses by Degrees its Force, and turns to Supineness and Indolence, fatal to their Peace and Happiness, I may conclude she may endure till the World is no more.

(b) ANG. POLITIANUS added to what *Crinitus* had said, that she had indeed a Thousand surprising Means of Self-subsistence; yet nothing did he more wonder at, than the long Duration of that *Aristocratical* Form of Government, which by Writers is suppos'd a Parity in great Families, yet here consist'd of a very unequal Division of Property, and the Goods of Life; nevertheless these dangerous Extreams of Wealth and Poverty had super-induc'd no Oppression of the Poor; for whatever repining there was at good Fortune, an universal Spirit of Peace and Love for Publick Liberty softned all into Moderation and Contentedness again.

(c) PIER. VALERIANUS replied, upon *Politianus*, that the Situation of *Venice* was more wonderful than all, in that she ow'd her Liberty and Freedom, for her Feet and Hands from the Shackles and Fetters of her nearest Neighbours.

The next was *Julius Cæsar Scaliger*. The greatest Wonder, says he is, that the Governing Nobility with Cheerfulness pay out of their own Pockets the establish'd Taxes, and with equal Cheerfulness raise new Ones upon themselves, and suffer this Money to be collected with an impartial Rigour: Nor will they spare their own private Purfes, or deny the pressing Necessities of the State, without giving the labouring Oar to the People. Moreover, their Forwardness to come into these Measures, gives a Beauty to the whole, and shews a publick Affection not equal'd in the World. A Generosity and Greatness of Spirit attends the Sense of Freedom, and gives sufficient Proof her Nobility are acted by the Passion that makes Governments eternal where it prevails, superior to all mean Considerations, and the Anxiety for private Interest.

(d) BERNARDO TASSO said, he had liv'd long at *Venice*, and was surpriz'd to see a luxurious pamper'd Nobility, in Business, industrious, exemplary and laborious.

(e) FRANCO. BERNY, with his usual Facetiousness, diverting even to the Gravity of the *Venetian* Liberty, observ'd, it was one of the Wonders of that Republick, to even Men of the most profound Sense, that though every *Canale* there swarms with Crabs, the Senators never lick'd



lick'd their Fingers at them ; from whence they are esteem'd the wisest Men upon Earth.

(f) SABELLICUS affirm'd, that in writing the *Venetian* History, nothing appear'd to him in all the Constitutions of that Liberty, more extraordinary than the clean and incorrupted Fingers in the Treasury : That even Poverty itself could not be tempted to take hold of the sacred *Depositem* of St. Mark's Exchequer.

(g) SANNAZARO declar'd, nothing was more remarkable in that Republick ; than the poorest Nobility sustaining that uneasy State with Patience, and not seeking new Means of replenishing, by Methods as destructive of her Liberty as the *Frumentarian* and *Agrarian* Laws were to *Rome*. It creates an agreeable Wonder, to see a great poor Man contending with his Wants by Virtue only, to procure refreshing Employments for his Miseries, and to make that Virtue, Honour, and Probity, the Ascent to Riches and a plentiful Fortune.

(h) PONTANUS to this added : To all these Wonders my Astonishment at the *Venetian* Liberty is increas'd : That Boundless Wealth in the Nobility is not attended with Pride and Vanity, as in other Republicks. The Senators in *Venice*, with the Riches of Princes, in their own Families, are like private Citizens, and in Publick make no greater Appearance ; so that they have the Advantage over *Rome*, with her *Cæsars*, *Pompeys*, and the like by separating from Wealth, the dark Attendants, Ambition, Pride, and Vanity, and a factious Train of flattering Dependents with the Mob.

(i) PONTANUS having finish'd, *Annibal Caro* said, he was amaz'd to see the Prince in that Common-Wealth live with all the Splendor of Majesty, and with the Obedience of Subjects to a King, with no more really than the Power of a Citizen. The Respect preserv'd with a limited Authority, Power, and Modesty joined together, were Instances not common in former Governments, and reserv'd only for the happy Constitution of *Venice*.

(k) BARTH. CAVALLANTI interpos'd next, that *Pontanus* was perfectly right, in observing that the immense Riches of the Senators did not swell the Sails of Pride and Arrogance ; yet was more strange to see, that even Authority in that excellent Republick, was neither proud nor insolent ; a Circumstance contrary to the common Causes and Effects we see in the World. When he was at *Venice*, his Fancy was not so struck at the Treasure, Arsenal, Grand Canal, and the magnificent Palaces of the *Cornari*, *Grimani*, and *Toscani*, and the other beautiful Edifices of that extraordinary City, as he was mov'd to behold *Sebastian Venieri*, Commander of a powerful Fleet, and Conqueror of the *Turks* at Sea, return to *Venice*, and walk undistinguish'd in the *Piazza* with his Fellow-Senators, many of whom never smelt Gun-



Gunpowder in their Lives; yet their Nobility, so frugal at Home, were employ'd in the most publick Offices Abroad. In all the Points of Splendor, Magnificence and Liberality they were not put to the Blush by any Subjects to Royal Blood. No Men were more equal to modest Greatness and temperate Power; yet Abroad they are restrain'd by Laws from excessive Magnificence and Splendor, when others have wanted Spurs, and to be push'd forward that way.

(l) *Cavalanti* having ended, FLAVIUS BLONDI declar'd, it was a surprizing Satisfaction to him to see (when there) in an *Arifocracy* the Citizens and common People live in a perfect Harmony, to whom Liberty was very dear.

(m) PAULUS JOVIUS took his Turn, and said, he had convers'd with many Princes upon the Subject of the admirable Government of *Venice*: They all with him agreed, it was the greatest Wonder in the World, to see a *Senate* use all the Arts in War in cultivating those of Peace: That an arm'd Peace was no where to be found except in this flourishing State.

(n) BOCCACE propos'd his Sentiments, and said, That the Government of *Venice* was incorruptibly preserv'd by a wise Custom in their Promotion to Offices of Trust, in paying no Regard to Quality, Extraction, Wealth, nor parental Merit, but only to personal Worth; so that the Nobility of mere Pleasure were Cyphers, who took up empty Room, while real Power and Command attended the Virtuous and the Good.

(o) LEONARDI ARETINI, after having given due Encomiums to *Boccace*, deliver'd his Opinion in the following Manner. The Basis of the *Venetian* Liberty and permanent Greatness, consists in a due and regular Promotion of the Nobility to Power, by a gradual Ascent; and not by a monstrous Leap-over one another's Heads into the Dignities of the State. It is a most beautiful Order, to see the Nobility begin with the lowest Step in their Youth, and end with the highest in their old Age: This Custom observes the due Equality in an *Arifocracy*, that gives Strength and Robustness to Liberty. For in the Opinion of the wisest Politicians, 'tis not Parity of Riches creates an Equality amongst Senators, but an equal starting from the same Post for the same Goal of Honour. The want of this Law gave *Rome* a sickly Infancy, a short Manhood, and a convulsive Old Age; their surrendering to young ambitious Heads, as *Pompey* and *Cæsar*, the Command of Armies, was giving them rather a Taste of Princes of the Blood than the Humility of *Senators*. In the Land of Liberty, there are always Steps to Honour, and a continual Climbing to higher Enjoyments of Power. But what Increase of Honour could *Pompey* and *Cæsar* have in their Old Age,



to whom *Rome* had given too much in their Youth, nay all, except that absolute Tyranny they both aspir'd after in their Hearts. This Defect was not seen before the Destruction of the *Roman* Liberty.

(*p*) Though the *Venetian* Lady shew'd a Joy in her Countenance at *Aretime's* Opinion, yet she commanded the rest to proceed. Then *Benedetto Varchi* began. My Republick of *Florence*, for want of Concord and reciprocal Affection in her noble Families, was oblig'd to fall a Prey to Servitude: But a Noble *Venetian* sloop to no Provocation, even from the Murder of his Children, or the greatest Indignities to his own Person, and has no Enemy amongst the Friends of his Country: A hard Resolution and astonishingly great, to give up to the publick that dear Judicature in our Breasts, the Revenge of Injuries, what all Men naturally love, and think it better in their own Hands than even with Heaven itself.

(*q*) After *Varchi* had thus deliver'd his Sentiments, LUDOVICO DOLCI offer'd his. If this universal Maxim in Politicks is true, that the most extraordinary Instance of Power and Greatness in a Prince, is, to lay aside his own most formidable Creatures when he pleases, to reduce his General to private Obedience, and make him surrender to Censure, Jealousy, and Resentment; the Republick of *Venice* has this Power surely in Perfection: She finds no Difficulty in separating an Admiral from his Flag, and their greatest Ministers Abroad, secure of Guilt and Punishment both, shall come from behind their Armour, their Employments, and their Power, peacefully submit to a Trial, and take even the Sentence of Death from their Friends and Relations. Many Examples of this Nature have been in my Time, with Wonder to the World: I must therefore presume, you will allow no other Constitution to be found, where an unlimited Subjection and Zeal for Liberty prevails.

The *Venetian* Liberty, charm'd with the Rehearsal of her own Praises, was pleas'd to tell *Dolci*, that what he had mention'd, was, tho' a considerable Advantage, common with the *Ottoman* Empire; nevertheless her real Greatness was owing to a Secret, not as yet touch'd upon by any there.

(*r*) Then DIONIGI ATTANAGI said, the greatest Wonder of the *Venetian* Republick, was, that awful Tribunal of the Council of Ten, and the supreme Authority of the Inquisitors of State, who, only by Three balloting Balls, cou'd bury alive the most ambitious *Cæsar* or *Pompey*, aspiring in that well-govern'd State.

(*s*) *Atanagi* having ended his Discourse, GIROLAMO MERCURIALI added, That he remembred when he read Lectures of Physicians at *Padova*, he was inform'd, some young *Venetians* of the common Sort, repairing to the Sea-Side with their Mistresses upon Pleasure, were



were assaulted by some young Noble *Venetians*, who, by repeating their Blows, provok'd the Commoners to recur to defensive Weapons, and kill one of the Noblemen, and to treat the rest with very ill Manners: For this they were summon'd before Judges, all Friends to the offended Nobility. The Commoners nevertheless, in Confidence of the Equity and Impartiality of the Court, submitted to a legal Trial: The Decision answer'd their Expectations, and they were honourably acquitted. Besides, says he, it is almost incredible, and peculiar only to this Government, that a Nobleman, by the Mediation of his Relations, Family-Interest, and Posts in the Common-wealth, could not preserve himself from being baffled out of a Suit at Law by a Citizen. In a Word, if the Maxim be true, that Eternity is attach'd to all those *Aristocracies* where the young Nobility are virtuous and the Judicatures impartial; the *Venetian* Liberty, always so justly severe to the dissolute Nobility, cou'd never die.

(*t*) The learned ERMOLAO BARBARO clos'd this Debate, by observing, that Tyranny advances its Head above a free Country, when the Secrets of State are lock'd only in the Breasts of few; whereas the *Venetian* Liberty, to avoid the Fatality of that Conduct, refers the most important Secrets to the great Council of the *Pregadi*, consisting of Two Hundred Senators; tho' it is at the same time very strange, that Secrecy is kept there with so many, when no Prince can safely trust one Secretary, and two Privy Counsellors.

Immediately the most serene *Venetian* Liberty, laying her Hand on *Barbaro's* Shoulders, express'd herself thus; You have discovered the invaluable Jewel; my Glory and the Envy of my Neighbours; for Secrecy is no less important and necessary, than Counsel itself.

## OBSERVATIONS.

**O**UR Author *Boccalini*, incens'd at the Ambition of the *Spanish* Monarchy, to which he was a mortal and implacable Enemy; out of Contradiction, fell in Love with the Common-wealth of *Venice*.

That Common-wealth has a Thousand Beauties I readily grant, being forced thereto by the strongest Evidence of Facts: But still I assert, that GOD never design'd those sort of Governments to prevail in the Beginning of the World; they are of later Original, and have some incurable Defects, that even Publick-Spiritedness and Patriotism can never heal.

When I see an aged Oak for many Years withstand Corruption, I will not conclude, *that* Oak is above the Strokes and Power of Time; because Motion, in very solid and less porous Bodies from whence Changes arise, is slow, and to the first View imperceptible, 'till at last you see the Trunk come tumbling with its own Weight to the Ground.

This I will venture to say; if Transportation was in *England* a general Punishment for all Crimes, and *Venice* the Place to send a certain Set of those Criminals to, the Work of Ages might be done in Forty Years, and bring that Republick low, as it is now free and powerful.

NOTE S.



(a) PETRUS CRINITUS, a Tuscan; he was not unworthily esteem'd the most eminent of Politian's Scholars; he wrote Twenty Books *de honesta Disciplina*, delightful for their pleasant and copious Variety, and Five Books concerning the Latin Poets, an elaborate and learned Performance. See *Paulus Jovius Elogia DuBarrii viror.* p. 108.

(b) ANGELUS POLITIANUS; his Youth brightned into Fame by a celebrated Poem, on the Equestrian Sports of *Julian Medices*, which he defended with Victory and Honour, and triumph'd, in the Opinion of all, over *Aloysius Pulcius*; who in the same Numbers and Manner had sung on the Tournament of *Lawrence Medices*; Brother of *Julian*. He gather'd all the Flowers of the *Grecian* and *Latin* Eloquence into this Performance; afterwards wrote in Latin the History of the cruel Conspiracy, in which *Julian Medices* was assassinated by the *Pazzi*: For this Account see *Paulus Jovius, vita illustrium Leo X. and Machiavel's History of Florence*. He translated *Herodian* into *Latin*; tho' his Enemies pretend that was an Adulteration of *Gregory Sphernates*. After he had compos'd a Century of Miscellanies and several *Latin* Poems, he was snatch'd away by an immature Death in the Flower of his Age. See *Paulus Jovius, Elog. Doct. viror. Angelus Politianus*.

(c) PIERUS VALERIANUS BELZANI, a *Verulan*; he flourish'd about the Sixteenth Century in great Reputation for Learning and good Sense; he wrote *Hieryglyphicks*, Commentaries upon *Virgil*, some Poetry, and a Treatise *de Infelicitate Litteratorum*. He was attach'd to the House of *Medices*, spent very much of his Time at *Rome*, where he was intrusted with Affairs of Importance; his Performances upon *Virgil* are in great Esteem, and shew, that he was not only a Poet, but well vers'd in all polite Learning, Antiquities and Sciences. See *Morey*.

(d) BERNARDO TASSO, the Father of TORQUATO TASSO the great *Italian* Poet.

(e) FRANCISCO BERNY, Canon at *Florence*, flourish'd in the Fifteenth Century; he wrote several Poems. His Works were printed at *Venice*, 1545.

(f) MARC. ANTONIUS COCCIUS SABELLICUS; he was the Son of a Black-Smith, and was a School-Master. He was in some Measure a Rhetor of the Latin Tongue, and taught at *Rome*; from whence he repaired to the Neighbourhood of *Aquilei*. He wrote some Verses concerning the burning of *Carni* with Success, and was sent for by the Senate of *Venice* to write the History of that Government from the End of *Justiniano*. But in his *Enneads*, being the General History of the World, from the Beginning thereof, his Halt made him darken the most illustrious Actions with too much Brevity. See *Paulus Jovius, Elog. Viri Doct.*

(g) SANAZARO ACTIUS SINCERUS; he was born at *Naples*, and lived in great Esteem with *Frederick* King thereof, and accompanied him in his Exile after that Monarch's Expulsion by *Louis XII.* His Fidelity to his Master and Sovereign were the Honour and Glory of his Life, whom he never left till that unfortunate Prince's Eyes were closed: After that he made *Italy* his Retreat and his Grave. He was an incomparable Poet; tho' his most celebrated Piece was *de partu Virginis*. *Morey* says, he broke his Heart for the Destruction of his Seat in *Campania*, by *Philibert* Prince of *Orange*. Tho' I am rather apt to think it was taken in mis-cution; for it is certain he came to a Fate there, not unlike *Butler's* in *England*. I believe *Morey* was mistaken, and *Collier* after him, in that Point. His Works were printed at *Lyons* 1549, at *Rome* 1590. His Book *De partu Virginis* at *Venice* 1533. His Life was written by *Bapt. Crispus*, printed at *Venice* 1518. *Rome* 1593.

(h) GOVIANUS PONTANUS, a Courtier, very much honoured and cherished by Princes; he was very remarkable for a four Face and a satirical Genius; yet polite in his Expressions; tho' more near and elegant in Verse than *Prose*. See *Paulus Jovius, Elog. Viri Doct.*

(i) HANNIBAL CARO, a Soldier, Poet and Orator: In the 16th Century he came to *Rome*, and was Secretary to several Bishops, and afterwards to the Duke of *Parma* and Cardinal *Farnese*. He translated the *Æneids* of *Virgil* into *Italian* Verse; he wrote diverse Poems and Discourses upon Eloquence, and translated two Sermons of *Gregory Nazianzen*, and one of *St. Cyprian's*.

His Letters were printed at *Venice* 1532. his Translation of *Virgil* 1581. and his other Translations at *Venice* 1569. His Poem upon the Royal Family of *Bianchi* at *Rome*; printed at *Parma* 1558.

(k) BART. CAVALLCANTI; a *Florentine*, of very good Descent, and of no mean Account at *Rome* under *Paul III.* and *Othavius Farnese*; he died 1562. and left behind him his Treatise of Rhetorick; printed at *Venice* 1559, and another Discourse concerning the Government of a Republick, an Oration to the *Florentine* Soldiers, and some other little Things.

(l) FLAVIUS BLONDUS; born at *Frisuli*; he was an Historian, and published in a rude Age many Things lost before in *Darkness*, in his *Enneads*, concerning the *Roman* Empire. See *Paulus Jovius*.

(m) PAULUS JOVIUS, noted for his *Elogia Virorum illustrium, Elogia Virorum Doctorum & Historiarum Scriptorum Florantiorum*.

(n) ROCACTIUS, his Tales are so well known for Variety of Wit and Humour, and adopted into all modern Languages, that no more need be said of them in this Place.

(o) LEONARDO ARETINE, so call'd from *Arezzo* the Place of his Birth, by others, *Bruni*, from the Name of his Family; he was a considerable Man in the 18th Century, as appears from the Testimonies of *Paul Jove, Philopinus, Poggius, Laurentius Valla*. Though some differ'd as to those extraordinary Encumbrances; his Improvements in Learning recommended him to the Esteem of *Pope Innocent VII.* under whom he discharged himself with good Reputation as Secretary of the Briefs. He advanced his Fortune afterwards very much, by being Secretary to the Republick of *Florence*: He translated from *Greek* into *Latin* the Lives of *Paulus Æmilius*, the Two *Gracchi, Pyrrhus, Sertorius, Demetrius, Mark Antony* and *Cato Uticensis*, from the Lives of *Plutarch*; and the Ethics of *Aristotle*; he wrote Three Books of the Punick War, that may serve as a Supplement to *Livy*. The Two first, treat of the first Punick War, wanting in *Livy* the Third, of the Disorders the *Carthaginians* fell into by the Mutinies of their Soldiers; all which are wanting in that *Historian*. He compos'd an History of the Affairs of *Italy*, about his own Time, from the Year 1378 to 1449; of ancient *Greece* from *Thermans* and *Thorsbulus* to the Death of *Eparinondas*. That of the *Goths* procur'd him little Honour, it being thought to be a Translation of *Procopius*. We may have an Account of his other Works in *Gesner's Bibliotheca*. He dy'd 1443, aged 74. See *Bayle's* Diction.

(p) BENEDETTO VARCHI, a Poet. He wrote Readings upon Poetry and Philosophy, and upon a Song of *Michael Angelo's*, upon Sculpture and Painting, spiritual Songs, Funeral Oration upon *Gio Baisavolio*, upon the Obsequies of *Michael Angelo*, on the Death of our Lord, on the Death of Cardinal *Bombi*, on the Death of *St. John Colonna*, on the Death of *Lucretia Medices* on the Death of *Maria Salviato*, upon Self-Content, pleasant Verses. Translation of *Bætius de Consolatione Philosophiæ*, and *Seneca's* of *benefits*, Verses.

See Cardinal *Barberini's Biblioth.*

(q) LODOVICO DOLCI, a celebrated *Italian* Poet and Historian. See Cardinal *Barberini's Biblioth.*

(r) JEROME MERCURIALIS, a great Physician and Statesman; he wrote several Books in *Physick*. Born at *Frisuli* 1530, dy'd 1569.

(s) DIONYSIUS ATTANAGI an *Italian* Poet. Several Poems of his were Printed at *Venice*, 1565. (t) HERMO LAUS BARBARUS, of whom *Paul Jove* says, that he deserv'd the first Place amongst the Learned, that he restor'd *Pliny* the younger from *Darkness* to Light, and gave him his due Place in the City that justly claim'd him; that he translated *Themistius* into *Latin*; that clear Interpreter of profound *Aristotle*; in short, in all the learned Sciences he had given Demonstration of the clearest and most acute Wit and immense Learning.



# ADVICES

FROM

PARNASUS.

By TRAJANO BOCCALINI.

Translated from the ITALIAN.

WITH

Observations, Reflections, and Notes.

By a FRIEND to MENDANT.

NUMB. II.

For the Month of April, 1727.

*Nemo hoc in Parvis pressor, in Temperatis orator, in magnis sublimior, Nemo Judicem acutius docuit, delectavit jucundius, incitavit ardentius.*

Naugeri Epist. ad Leo. X.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. ROBERTS, at the Oxford-Arms  
in Warwick-Lane. MDCCLXXII.



# PROPOSALS.

**S**UBSCRIPTIONS, except a very few, being now at an End, the AUTHOR makes the following PROPOSALS for those to come.

I. THAT the WORK shall be carried on in the same Manner as was promised before.

II. THAT the Publishing Price for each Book of Six Sheets shall be *Eighteen Pence*, and for Twelve, *Three Shillings*.

III. THEY who take the First, for the Month of *March*, and the Second for the Month of *April*, shall be upon a Foot with the First Subscribers, and have the Books sent to them for the future, into any Part of *England*, paying the Publishing Price, *Three Shillings* for the First Two, and no more than *One Shilling* for every Six following Sheets, till the Whole is finish'd, or they desist from demanding the same.

IV. THERE being very few of the Large Paper left, they who pay *One Guinea*, shall have it accounted for in the whole, at the Rate of *One Shilling* for every Six Sheets.

V. THEY who appear to have already engaged to Subscribe, shall be upon the first Foot.

RECEIPTS are given out from Mr. Cockburn's, over-against the *Menſe-Gate*, *Charing-Cross*; and Mrs. *Elizabeth Smith*, under the *Royal-Exchange*, over-against *Exchange-Alley*.

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## ADVICE VI.

*A LACONICK punis'd for not using Brevity.*

**A** Certain unhappy *Laconick*, for expressing in three Words, what might have been as clearly said in two, was brought as an unpardonable Criminal before the rest of those frugal Gentlemen, as sparing of their Words as Misers of their Gold: After eight Months Imprisonment he received Sentence five Days since, That for Penance he should read over the *Pisan* Wars, writ by *Francis Guicciardine*: He sweated even to Death with the Agonies of reading the first Leaf; so tedious and intolerably impertinent were his Relations. The miserable *Laconick* cast himself at the Feet of the very Judges by whom he was condemn'd, and begg'd a Release to the Gallies, or to be immur'd between two Walls, or to forfeit his Skin alive, than be confin'd to those endless Harangues and froid Narrations of the taking only a Pigeon House. This was worse than all the Tortures of an *English* Execution for High-Treason, or the Pangs of Bearing-Women, or the Torments of the most Inhuman Tyrants, instructed by *Perillus* in their Arts of Misery.

## OBSERVATIONS.

**I**T's very certain in those *Italian* Wars their Sieges and their Battles were not so terrible as the reading them over. As to the Wars themselves, they might very well be turn'd into Opera's; and it wou'd not be at all absurd for the routed Party to run away singing and dancing. I remember, in reading the History of *Florence*, written by *Machiavel*, I was very much concern'd for the Effusion of Christian Blood, till that grave Politician put me out of my Pain, by informing me, That it was a very great Chance if any more were kill'd than on a Stage at a Play. In one Battle indeed, a Man was unfortunately smother'd to Death by falling off his Horse amongst the Crowd of flying Troops. Was you to read *Guicciardine's* Relation, particularly of the Siege of *Padoua*, for instance, there were as great Preparations for Offence and Defence as for the Siege of *Lille*; the Army of *Maximilian* came before it with no less than 32000 Men. The Duke of *Venice*, *Leonard Lorian*, made a pathetic Harangue in the Senate, as warm as an ancient *Roman* could be suppos'd to do if *Hannibal* had been at the Gates of *Rome*:

He gives a topographical Description of *Venice*, and made it a Matter  
H of



of great Wonder no Corn grew in the Streets ; yet it was constantly to be had at Market. In short, the Speech is long enough to contain all the History of the World for the first 16 Centuries thereof, and amounted to no more than this, to send a Set of young Gentlemen to defend the Town, in whose Commendation *Guicciardine* observes, they had no Experience in *War*. They made just such a Figure as our City-Militia upon the Plains of *Finsbury*. There was an Action indeed just before the Siege ; but I do not find the young Gentlemen stir'd that Way. Well, after innumerable impertinent Digressions and Particularities, when he brings us to the Attack of the Place, when we might conscientiously expect some bloody Doings ; the *French* advanc'd towards a certain Tower, expecting, upon their Approach, the Enemy wou'd be so civil as to retire ; but when, contrary to Expectation, they found 'em stand their Ground, they decently went back from whence they came. Nine Days after, sufficient Breaches being made by the great Guns, *Maximilian* prepar'd (not like his pretended Ancestor, the first *Cæsar*) to give the Assault ; but, seeing some Water in the Ditch, he return'd with his Forces to their Lodgings again. However, when the Water fell, a furious Assault was made, and the great *Zitolo* of *Perusia* had his Head broke. Thus ended this famous Siege. The Emperor was before it no more than seventeen Days ; and all the glorious Feats thereof are recorded in the most pompous manner by this circumstantial Historian, when all might have been said in these few Words : *The Emperor Maximilian, in Conjunction with the French, sat down before Padoua ; but finding the Town strong in Walls, and strong in Garrison, after Seventeen Days, viewing the same, he retir'd.*

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## ADVICE VII.

*One of the LITERATI punish'd for being delighted  
with Italian Songs.*

**Y**ESTERDAY a *Virtuoso* was seiz'd by an Officer of Justice belonging to the College of *Censors*, who, with Spectacles upon his Nose, was reading some *Italian Songs*; for which he was by *Apollo's* Order severely lash'd, and had moreover this sharp Repri-mand ; *That being aged 55 Years, he ought to be ripen'd for graver Studies, and leave to Boys and Beaus those trifling Sonnets, not proper for Old Men.*



## OBSERVATIONS.

**I**F *Boccalini* cou'd have foreseen, that the polite *English* Nation would fall so below good Sense, as to prefer *Madam Cuzzoni* and *Fauslina* to his Works, so celebrated by all Nations, except our own, what would he say? Yet, as I remember, *Sanaxaro* and *Ariosto* starv'd at *Rome*, as well as *Butler*, and some others, in *England*. In a degenerate Age a Song will go a great deal better down than good Sense; and a House-Butler will be a greater Man than the Poet who cur'd a whole Nation of Enthusiasm at once by his Wit.

## ADVICE VIII.

*Apuleius's Golden Ass, and Plautus his Asinaria, complain to APOLLO.*

**O**N the eighth Instant *Apuleius* his golden Ass, and *Plautus's Asinaria*, appear'd before *Apollo*, as Deputies or Representatives of all the Pack-Horses in the World, to the following Purpose; That if their great Returns for little Expence cou'd recommend 'em to civil Usage, they might reasonably complain of their Masters, who, in neglect of their perpetual Labour, and Burthens they carried, and their contentedly subsisting upon Grass, Water, and sometimes the delicious Fare of dry Bran, made 'em publick and notorious Instances of Cruelty, Ingratitude and Oppression; and that as Humility could not mollify, nor Submission put an End to their Sufferings, they beseech'd his Majesty to pay some Regard to their *Assine* Miseries; that he wou'd at least recommend to their Master's Gratitude, and a little Sense of Humanity.

*Apollo* answer'd, That this Severity was not Cruelty, but the necessary Consequence of Dullness in the Creatures themselves, to supply the want of Spirit with Bastinadoes, and the want of Vivacity with Stripes; and that to form a right Idea of Cruelty to any particular Person, *THE CONDITION WAS TO BE CONSIDER'D OF THE PERSON WHO COMPLAINS.*



## OBSERVATIONS.

I Cannot but admire the Prudence and Sagacity of the Pack-horses, in making such an admirable Choice of Ambassadors, equal to the Errand for which they were sent. For some Creatures are made for Oppression, and born for Servitude; Liberty is no more their Element than the Air for Fish, or the Water for the Pack-horses themselves; and therefore *Apollo* justly resent'd a Complaint for their being us'd agreeably to their Natures.

So it is in Societies of Men; by Use and Custom some degenerate from a noble Sense of Freedom, and fall so easily into Slavery, there is no Room for generous Pity; and a great spirited Man would lose his Honour and his Pains in affecting even to see them free.

But it is otherwise with a great-spirited Nation, upon whose Backs the Chains glisten and shine, and the Skin gall'd underneath is raw and tender. *Apollo* would bestow a Tear upon their Fate, and treat their Envoys with Honours decreed in *Parnassus* to the ancient *Romans*.

But to omit Pack-horses, whose Spirits are fram'd to bear great Burthens rather than shake them off, and are made for the Service of nobler Creatures; and to pursue the Allegory: Men may sell their Liberties for themselves and for their Posterity. But I can never be induc'd to believe, that any Set of People, at the Creation of the World, were decreed for Slavery, or to be made the Property of a Prince; I mean the naked Property for his Glory and Pleasure only. And less are they the Property of his Underlings, Ministers of State, Minions and Favourites. Once upon a Time, a Country Gentleman had a fine Grove of tall and aspiring Pines upon a Mountain near his House; he fix'd his Eye upon a young growing Tree of extraordinary Tallness and Beauty; he transplanted it, plac'd it in his own Garden, lopp'd off the superfluous Branches, and it advanc'd like a freight Maypole, so as to over-top all the Grove. The Gentleman, who admir'd the Work, rais'd by his own Hands, and nurtur'd by his Care, ordered the Trees to send a Deputation to compliment the young Tree upon its Accession to its new Honours. Upon this a Consultation was held amongst the Trees, what was to be done; and one of the most ancient made a Speech in the following Manner. "Gentlemen, I remember this Spark, (formerly our Equal, and now our Superiour,) was once no more than a Seed, shaken from a Tree of my Acquaintance, and carry'd by the Winds to the Place where he took Root, and is since become the Admiration of our Master: It is an odd and an unreasonable Request, in my Opinion, to command us to humble our selves to our equals; for my Part, I think my Age and Experience is preferable to his juvenile Forwardness, advancing in Height, and losing in Goodness every Day. I conclude therefore, that we send to view this transplanted Favourite, for our Deputation looks to me like the first Step of our Servitude; if we send once,

we



we must always send; and after Submission, our Complaints will be like the Cries of a Child in the Cradle, we shall be hush'd and rock'd 'till we fall asleep; in Time he will demand a Tribute of our most beautiful Flow'ers, the Ornaments of our Grove, for Coronets for his aspiring Head. *Boreas* attentively heard the deep Consultation, and whisper'd a gentle Murmur through the Trees like a *Polish* Dye, and they unanimously concluded to send a Tree of undoubted Reputation and Honour to view this rising Greatness.

Upon his Arrival there, he found, upon Enquiry, the Ground in which this young Gentleman was planted, had been formerly a Forrest of Ash Trees, that had given such a Disposition to the Soil, and consequently to the Plant, that it suck'd up the vegetative Juice; and all about this Tree was only Barrenness, Poverty and Misery. Upon his return, he gave a sad Account of this impoverishing Grandeur. The Trees in a Conference met and consulted what to do for their Liberty. Upon this another, who had long stood the Glory of the Wood, for his Uprightness and Firmness against many a cruel Tempest, made the following Speech. Gentlemen, If we firmly resolve to support our Liberty, we must not do our Business by halves; we must bring this Tree back into our Body again, by making his Situation uneasy; nor must we send out feeble Aids. A Nettle may be sent to sting the Bottom of him; it can never touch his aspiring Top; moreover, his thick Coat's impenetrable to their sharp, but tender Spears. The Bramble is indeed more strong and vigorous, but the Bramble is his Friend; the Bramble is always treacherous, and indifferent to the Prosperity of our Grove; nay, I am told he wraps a Bramble round his Body for Defence and Ornament: Let us therefore send a strong Deputation to the Master first, and let him know, that Trees are Trees still, and that no domestic Favour can alter the Nature of a Subject to our Grove; the Master is Flesh and Blood we all confess, but we will never submit to a Tree, while we have Sap; when that is gone our Master may cut us out into Gibbets and Whipping-posts, and Yokes for his Swine, if he pleases. Thus you must do Gentlemen now; for if you complain afterwards, it will be Disaffection, Treason and Ingratitude to the best of Masters. This Fable needs no Application; and the Moral shall be very short.

WHERE THERE IS SAP, THERE IS LIBERTY.

I believe all Nations are in Time adapted to the Government they are us'd to; for I remember I asked a Trading *Norwegian* once, (and Trading Men feel the Effects of Liberty and Slavery sooner than any People in the World) what Notions he had of the King of *Denmark's* absolute Government: He told me, they despised all Governments less absolute than their own, and proceeded in extravagant Commendation of the Prince himself. As to that I have nothing to say; as the Goodness of the Prince is no prevailing Argument with me, to give away Power that may never come back; and we have no Evidence that good and wise Princes are eternal: I therefore, in my Opinion, think the *Norwegian* might be qualified to make up the Equipage of this solemn Embassy to *Apollo*; and all the King of *Denmark's* Subjects may follow in the Train, who can come into a favourable Opinion of a Government fortified with absolute Power, when all the Fences for the Subjects Liberty are taken away.

*Plantus,*



*Plautus's Mismaria* is so call'd, I suppose, not only from the Plot of the Play; but from the numerous Asinine Characters contain'd therein. The Father certainly was an Als, who cou'd be govern'd by his Wife. The Son was an Als, who could not live without a Whore. The Merchant was an Als, to pay his Money to he knew not whom. And the Wife herself was no better, to be govern'd, in her Turn, likewise by her first Minister *Sauveas*.

*Apollo* was agreeably entertain'd with such an Embassy, to enter with a stupid Gravity into the politest Court in the World: But it is the Nature of those Animals to be under no Concern for Shame or Stripes. The Punishments, one or other, by which all Men are to be aw'd, except the *Apuleian* Species, who confirm the Transmigration of Souls, by shewing, that an Als and a Man are not incompatible; and that the Form of one may dwell and take up with the Soul of the other.

For my Part, I have seen so many of this Asinine Breed crowd about Courts, that I have been sometimes diverted, and sometimes angry; and what is most remarkable, the wise Man sees 'em all, tho' they can't see one another; that is, every Als looks upon his Brother to be an accomplish'd Courtier who dresses well: And the Theological Asses look upon every Brother to be a learned ingenious Divine, who takes Snuff, effeminates his Language, and powders his Wig. But when an Als advances before a Man of Sense, and is perfectly satisfied with his own Appearance, and has not the least Apprehension that his Ears are seen, I beg all the Powers of Heaven to sustain from bursting the Spleen at the Ridiculousness of the Creature.

Therefore I conclude, there is a Creature like a Man, and many such there be in the Courts of Princes, with the Airs of a Monkey, and the Soul of an Als; for though you see a great Fluttering and Vivacity without, all is very intrepid within: There is no Terror for Fear of speaking like a Fool; there is no Shame for being pointed at like a Knave; to be rosted in the House, to be run down, convinc'd, and whip'd to the Devil. The Soul stirs not in the Breast; mov'd with no Passion, the Animal proceeds in an equal, calm and undisturb'd Pace.

I call therefore, all insensible Creatures of their own Imperfections, Asses; and if they are treated with Contempt, they have no Reason to complain.

I define an Als to be a Creature with very few Ideas, and very few Passions; and consequently, those Passions that do subsist, predominate over the little Sense they have: This makes 'em wilful, obstinate and positive; senseless of Imperfections, and Admirers of their own Ways.

So with Men; a little Sense, with some predominant Passion, makes an Als; or in other Words, a Fool: But if the Defect of Sense is fill'd up, and the Passion remains, he is a Knave. And with one or other of these the greatest Part of the World is peopled, therefore one is covetous, another ambitious, and the third envious: And this accounts for the Variety we see every Day; for, if a Man loves Glory, and has little or no Sense of Honour, he will float upon the Ruins of his Country, Ruins that bury every Man of Honour in their Rubbish; and generally speaking, the vicious Passions get uppermost, and extinguish the rest.



N O T E S.

**A** *Puleius's Golden Ass*, is an admirable Fable; that represents Mankind in their State of Deformity, when the Soul takes up a mean Character below the Dignity of its Nature: As when a Man fancies he is pursuing Flights of an extraordinary Kind, he is really turn'd into an Ass; he is not mov'd one Step from the Ground, nor has he Wings to support his imaginary Flight; and his long Ears grow every Day more conspicuous, and make the Ass more strongly appear; the Fate of him who has left the Pursuit of Morality and Virtue. This Ass was one of the Ambassadors sent to *Apollo* upon a ridiculous Errand.

*Plautus's Asinaria* is a Play full of domestick Humour, that, at least, one Man in ten who reads the Story, may apply to himself. *Artemona* was a Lady, who govern'd her Family with more Violence than she govern'd herself; and consequently, her Son *Argyrius* was a Booby, and her Husband *Demenetus* a Slave. The young Gentleman, who had very little Comfort of his Wife at home, took up his Dwelling at a Bawdy-House till his Money was spent, and he was just upon the Point of being turn'd out of Doors. The Father is represented by *Plautus*, as too indulgent to his Son's Failings: Upon the Account of his own Follies in his Youth, he is willing to cheat his Spouse to relieve his Son's Wants, and maintain his Whore: And the Plot was laid between his two Slaves and himself, to Way-lay a Merchant, who was to pay to *Saureas*, chief Minister to the Female Government of that House, a Sum of Money for Asses sold, to represent the Person of that Minister, receive the Money at the Door, and so leave the Consequences of female Resentment to take their Course.

Her Complaints and Fury upon this Occasion very well qualify'd the *Asinaria* to accompany *Apuleius's* Ass upon this solemn Embassy, to demand Redress where they had no Right to complain, and to pray for a State of good Usage, who could not live in any Condition of Freedom and Liberty: For, if we could conceive, that *Rome* had manumiss'd all her Slaves, upon the *Bellum Servile*, and advanc'd 'em into Posts where Freemen were before, the Change would not have produc'd Liberty, but Slavery still; for Slaves will deal the same Oppression to others they have been under themselves, govern like their Masters, and in the Senate take Money like Slaves as they are. And it is very certain, that *Rome* ow'd all its Corruption to the Manumission of Slaves, who were very great Men, Ministers of State, and Pimps to their Emperors, ready to comply in any Measures of Violence, to exhaust and weaken the Vigor of that State.

ADVICE IX.

*The Harvest of the LITERATI.*

**T**HE Harvest is just over, and the Fruits thereof are brought and conserv'd in Granaries for the publick Use. The Variety depending upon the Difference of the Soils, and the Disposition of the Grounds in which the Seed is sown, has scarce made Amends for the Penuriousness of the Crop in general: For the Brains of Men are unhappily subject to the same Accidents of Sterility as the Air and Earth.

The



The Study of the Law brings (especially in common Courts of Judicature) a very rich and rank Produce; in those Courts the Harvest generally yields fifty for one; and much greater Crops have arisen at *Rome*, where *Silvester Aldobrandini* and *Mark Antony Borgheze*, after infinite Pains of sowing and irrigating the Furrows with their own Sweat, from the Seed of the Common Law, have filled their Granaries to the Top, and their virtuous Sons in the same Pursuit have arrived to the highest Dignities in the Church and State.

Those who have sow'd Physick, have had a more moderate Crop, much below the Law, and not above twelve for one.

The POETS have had a beautiful Shew in the Spring; but all the promising Hopes from that Verdure in the Month of *June*, when the Ears shoot forth, have turn'd the Recompence of their Labour and Fatigue into Leaves and Flowers, and starving only was left to the Tiller's Share. This Husbandry being more for Beauty than solid Use, grows every Day less in the publick Esteem.

*Greek* has been very sparingly sow'd, the Undertakers having very little Demand for the same; the Bread thereof, though formerly the natural Food of a great Part of the World, is too hard of Digestion for the present Age. The Learned sow small Quantities in Gardens for their own private Use, rather to keep up the Imputation of Ignorance, than to deal for it in a mercantile Way.

The *Hebrew* Seed is seldom put even into the Ground, it being so little us'd, though not to the Honour of Mankind, when we consider God gave it the most glorious Recommendation, by speaking it himself.

The Culture of Philosophy is very low, the Seed being almost lost, and the Search after the same abandon'd by the Generality of the World; for it requires a most fruitful Soil of human Wit and indefatigable Industry to bring forth to Perfection and into Fruit so much Toil and Labour; and the few Buyers of what is sown, hazard the Loss of even the Principal itself.

They who have sow'd good Turns (contrary to the common Opinion) have had a most plentiful Harvest; and the valuable Returns it makes render it equally wonderful as precious: For one Grain amongst never so many Bushels that never come to Maturity, makes full Amends for the Loss by the prodigious Crop it brings forth. This Faith and Confidence arises only in great and magnanimous Minds; for the Avacious will not trust so much of their Seed to be cast away, when their Greediness would reap before it sows.

They who sow threatening and injurious Words, reap as many real Injuries as their Hearts can wish: They who sow Gripes will have Curses enough; and they who have sown Affliction shall reap Thorns, and fill their Granaries brim-ful, even for the Use and Service of the sixtieth Generation.







of *Parnassus*, and then he breaks up Ground; and at the best, can only guet what it will produce: For Saffron will not grow in a Place proper only for Barley; and it was very fatal to Mr. *Creech*, when he sow'd *Horace* after a Crop of *Lucretius*; and for Mr. *Dryden*, to sleep the Seeds of Controversy in the warm Spirits of Poetry, and put them into the Ground after *Absalom* and *Achiophel*.

I know a certain Prelate, who put into the Ground a good Quantity of Controversial Seed, that came up an excellent Crop, to furnish the Granaries in *London*, several Years; but endeavouring to sow some political Seed, the Wind of Covertness from the East carried it away upon its Wings out of the Basket, and not one Grain has been seen since. And very often the most excellent Designs are suppress'd, when they put forth in inclement Seasons, that little regard the Tiller's Care.

The Variety of Genius's is a curious Speculation; for my Part, I love a good one in its Way; and if it strays, out of Charity I would bring it back to its Home again: I can bear an Antiquarian, and even the most harsh Study of *English* Law, when *Fortescue* or *Bracton* brighten it up; but *Coke*, both on the Bench, and in his Writings, is my Aversion: and more particularly, that he always quoted Scripture the wrong Way; and when a Text came upon the Carpet, a Man must look to his Life or his Pocket: Nor do I like him much the better, for calling a \* profuse, engrossing, well-dress'd, rapacious, Minister of State, our Saviour; and an † unfortunate, artificial State-Criminal at the Bar, Rogue and Rascal. There is too much of the servile Application to an immense Estate, preserv'd wonderfully in the Hands of his Posterity to this Day.

Thus much for the Variety of Genius; and if any should ask me for an universal one, I cannot say I cou'd ever find it: The nearest was Dr. *Barrow*; yet he would, perhaps, from a College, have made as awkward a Figure at writing Spectators, as *Adams* made in his Travels to *Italy*.

*Injussa cirentia graminum* puts me in Mind of your *Extempore* Wits; I have seen one of them in Perfection, yet as incapable of hard Labour as he was quick in Expression, and as unfit for Antiquity, as the present Pope would have been to carry Mortar at *Algiers*, if he had been surpriz'd into Slavery in his Journey to *Benevento*.

*Josua Barnes* was rather injudiciously quick, than a bright Genius; therefore, his Labours were heavy, and he sow'd only dull History, and *Greek*: He steep'd some pretty Seeds in Claret, but I never knew any so serv'd come to Perfection.

I wou'd with every Man, therefore, to try in secret, before he is discourag'd in publick, first, whether he has a Genius, or not? and next, what it is? and to be careful that Modesty does not extinguish it; for that often is a thin Film that invests, darkens, and constrains the struggling Embryo in the Womb; and yet, where Modesty is wanting, all Performances come, as it were, circumscrib'd into the World.

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\* Duke of Buckingham.

† Sir Walter Raleigh.



(b) *Urit enim lini campum seges urit avena,  
Urunt Letheo perflua papavera somno.* 75.

(b) For Flax and Oats will burn the tender Field,  
And sleepy Poppies harmful Harvests yield.

But the most prolific Genius has not only the Seeds of good Sense, several pernicious Weeds grow up with it, and if not in Time suppress'd, will choke the most promising Performance in the World; for the most noxious Vegetables do not always spring up in barren Ground.

Pedantry takes up Room where good Grain would take Root, and flourish; this often makes a thin Crop of true Sense in very large Books, when a great deal fills the Brain with unprofitable Stuff; hence you see numerous Quotations and luxuriant Pedantry, of which I cannot give a more evident Instance than *De-mocritus Junior*, or *Burton's Melancholy*; a Book full of universal Learning without an universal Genius: And yet the Man could be no Fool, who could comprehend all the Sciences in the World; who could lay up in the Repository of his Memory all the Authors in the *Bodleian* Library, and had so many of the beautiful and dismal Scenes that Melancholy furnishes, upon his Fancy; yet Pedantry grew so prodigiously rank in that rich Soil, that the Weeds prevail'd, and even eat up the genuine Crop: He was Master of no manner of stile, he never pursu'd a Subject to its last Retreat, and left the richest Mine of human Knowledge untouched, as he found it.

The Art of quoting in former Ages was intirely neglected; it began with Controversy, and in Time spread over all the Realms of Learning: Then upstarts, perhaps, one Man of Genius; and by a happy Way of thinking, makes useless (instead of reading) Thousands of Books, that plague and amuse the World.

How much more useful is *Euclid* reduc'd by *Barrow*? So likewise human Learning is not the worse for appearing in narrow Bounds.

I define Pedantry to be a Rust upon the Springs and Wheels of our intellectual System; and Mr. *Finchbeck's* Machine, if rusty, would make just such awkward Trips with his Ships in the Bay of *Gibraltar*, as the Understanding makes when clog'd therewith.

Mr. *Locke's* Essay upon human Understanding discharges all the Schoolmen at once. Mr. *Chillingworth* saves the World a Thousand Quotations; and Dr. *Barrow* clears as many Folio's in his admirable Discourse of the Supremacy: Yet *Lanney* said as much before him; but here is the Difference, you may comprehend the whole Dispute in three Months, by reading *Barrow*; and it will take three Years to comprehend it, in reading the other elaborate and very learned Divine. I hope the World will not take it amiss, that I insist upon doing Justice to the Memory of that great Man Dr. *Barrow*. The modern Divines seem to have topp'd upon him by their Forwardness, yet his Crop was richer, and his Blade more heavy laden than all theirs put together.

To return, there are several scorching Weeds very pernicious to an Author's Brain; the Heat of Folly, the Heat of Indiscretion, and the Hears of Party-Rage, Bigotry and Opinion: You must therefore tear them up, before you can oblige the World with a cool, clear and rational Treatise upon any Subject  
what-



whatsoever; yet no People are more subject to these than learned Men, who converse more with Books than the World, and very often marry for Coolness, and find contrary Effects upon their Tempers. This produc'd a very weedy Controversy upon our *English* Constitution from before, the best-natur'd Man in the World, Dr. *Higden*. I have seen sometimes Waters very clear to the Eye, that you may even fancy you see the Bottom, and the Fishes play and skud about in those liquid Streams; yet, stir that Bottom, the Mud shall rise, and turn that bright Stream into a Puddle, in which you can distinguish nothing.

There is another fatal Weed, as *Virgil* says, *Urunt Lesbæo persusa papavera somno, i. e.* Dulness: for want of Spirit Men are often very angry; and the Specifick that lulls asleep, burns at the same Time. I look upon Anger to be an inseparable Companion of Dulness; and therefore ignorant Priests are always for the Faggot, heavy Ministers of State for the Gallows, and Heads of Colleges for Expulsion.

It is want of Spirit that makes Authors measure their Works, fist, like Carpenters and Masons, and then fill 'em up with Quotations, School-Distinctions, or something equivalently dull.

Having thus clear'd the Way for an Author to enrich the World with a good Harvest; I must next proceed to shew how the Soil may be always kept in Heart; for the World is often so censorious and ungrateful, as to damn an Author's Fame for one Crop in six bad; and it is a too common Fate attending great Men to neglect this useful Part of Husbandry: How different was Sir *Roger l'Estrange's Asop* from his *Tully's* Offices? How uneven are the Crops in the *Spectator*? Though that may easily be accounted for, as they were not the united Works of one Man.

(c) *Sic quoq; mutatis requiescunt fetibus arva,  
Nec nulla interea est inarata gratia terræ.*      80

(c) Thus Change of Seeds for meagre Soils is best,  
And Earth manur'd, not idle, tho' at Rest.

The Mind takes in Ideas to enrich the Intellectual Faculties, in the same manner as the Ground sucks in vegetative Particles from the Air; and if a Man puts himself out of the Way of new and proper Ideas for his Purpose, the old ones will wear out, the Spirit will fly off, and leave Frigidity and Dulness upon the Understanding. There is in all good Writings a Flavour and Spirit, that, like Champagne, in time, will go off, and as that never is to be recruited again, the Mind takes in fresh ones every Day: Let a Man, therefore, always pursue a Subject while the Spirits are hot upon the Ground; and if he perceives a Flatness, let him try a new one: There is Life always in new Subjects, and the first Effects of all bright Performances are the best; but let not a Man write too much: After one successful Attempt for Fame, let him lye still, and neither exhaust himself, nor cram the World; for the publick Digestion is often very weak and squamous: Let him not multiply upon it, like St. *Augustine*, who sometimes  
taken



takes up a heavy Divine, half his Studies to read over. As Ambition often pushes Men upon crowding a great many Actions into the narrow Sphere of Life, for the Sake of Grandeur, without Regard to their Irregularity; so the Ambition of writing for Eternity pushes People very often rather to write much than truly. As one great Action of a Patriot is more valuable than all the numerous Intrigues of wicked Statesmen, so one good Line is worth innumerable Folio's. A Man's Time is not always lost when he lies still; for we may be gathering in for Glory and for Honour, when the World knows nothing of the Matter: Like a Pismire's Hoard, Learning is carried secretly into the Mind.

(d) *Sæpe etiam seriles incendere profuit agros,*

*Atq; levem stipulam crepitantibus urere flammis:*

*Sive inde occultas vires, & pabula terræ*

*Pinguia concipiunt: sive illis omne per ignem*

*Excoquitur vitium, atq; exultat inutilis humor:*

*Seu plures calor ille vias & cæca relaxat*

*Spiramenta, nocuas veniat qua succus in herbas:*

*Seu durat magis, & venas astringit biantes: 90*

(d) Long Practice has a sure Improvement found

With kindled Fires to burn the barren Ground;

When the light Stubble to the Flames resign'd

Is driven along, and crackles in the Wind.

Whether from hence the hollow Womb of Earth

Is warm'd with secret Strength for better Birth,

Or, when the latent Vice is cur'd by Fire,

Redundant Humours thro' the Pores expire;

Or, that the Warmth diffends the Chinks, and makes

New Breathings, whence new Nourishment she takes;

Or, that the Heat the gaping Wounds constrains,

New knits the Surface, and new strings the Veins.

There is an Art likewise to enrich the Ground by burning the Stubble, the Athes thereof impregnate the Earth with rich Salts, and the Fire dries up all the moist Humours and cold Qualities therein.

Thus I wou'd use the classick Poets; I wou'd advise an Author to transfuse into his Mind their Salts and their Fire, and burn the Books when he has done; for the rest is only a Vehicle for those impregnating Salts, and will bear Destruction, when the Wit and Beauty remains incorporated in their own Productions; for, without Wit and Fire, Works may be useful, but will never please; and the Ancients excell'd in both. 'Tis Fire works up those noble Compositions that stand the Test of Time; and by their own native Worth force the Approbation of Posterity; whereas, our Moderns, like the Besiegers of Towns upon breaking of Ground, stand open to the Fire of the injudicious and foolish, till we cover ourselves by Intrenchments, and can stand for Fame.

Crudities spoil most of the Books in the World, and that is the Reason we have so many bad ones, and so few good; and these Crudities are generated



# 38 A D V I C E S from P A R N A S S U S.

different Ways; sometimes from sitting in cold damp Studies in the Fens, Places where the Monks generally had their Monasteries in *England*, for the Sake of good Cheese, Butter and Fish: Sometimes the Brain itself is too moist, and an Infection often comes from the very Books we read, and not infrequently from a narrow Education. But whether it proceeds from any of these Causes, it is generally fatal to learned Men.

(e) *Tum variae illudunt pestes : sæpe exiguus mus  
Sub terris posuitq; domos, atq; borrea fecit :  
Aut oculis capiti, fodere cubilia, sapæ.  
Inventusq; cavis bufo. Et quæ plurima terræ  
Monsæra ferunt : populatq; ingentem farris acervum  
Curculio, atq; inopi metuens formica senectæ.* 186

(e) For fundry Foes the rural Realm surround,  
The Field-Mouse builds her Garner under Ground  
For gather'd Grain; the blind laborious Mole  
In winding Mazes works her hidden Hole.  
In hollow Caverns, Vermin make Abode;  
The hissing Serpent and the swelling Toad:  
The Corn-devouring Weasel here abides,  
And the wife Ant her wintry Store provides.

But when Works are brought to Perfection, and the Harvest ripe, there are several Enemies who devour half the Produce of our Toil; the *Plagiary* makes no Conscience of borrowing without asking Leave, and shining in whole Pages not his own: How many have robb'd poor *Spencer* of his finest Thoughts and most beautiful Similes; and wo'n't so much as give him a new Coat to his Back? Some steal their Method, others their Thought, a third their Language; and perhaps, a Lord receives Applause for what was never his own, and the pillag'd Author gets not even Access to his Levee: Then what remains, Envy and Malice tarnish, and spoil in their Turns.

(f) *Sæpe ego cum flavis messorum induceret arvis  
Ægicola & fragili jam fringeret borrea culmo  
Omnia Ventorum concurrere prælia vidi.* 315

(f) Ev'n while the Reaper fills his greedy Hands,  
And binds the golden Sheaves in brittle Bands,  
Of late I seen a sudden Storm arise  
From all the warring Winds that sweep the Skies.

And when all this is done, the Season, if inclement, subjects the Author to sudden and unexpected Blows, a State-Tempest sweeps away all at once, and consigns the unhappy to live upon the Wits he has left unexpended on the publick Good: For it is certain, prevailing Power will either force or bribe  
all



all to go down the same Stream. And there are a Set of Men, who read Writings rather to find Fault, than to be instructed or reform'd.

Upon the whole, the Harvest of Law, as *Boccalini* observes, is the most profitable of all, especially, if they scep the Seeds in Blood; this makes 'em wonderfully prolifick, and swell into a prodigious Increase.

## NOTES.

THE Note on this Chapter says of *Silvester Aldrovandi* and *Mark Antony Borghese*, *Questi sono Avvocati nella corte di Roma, amendue felicissimi Padri di duo gloriosissimi Papi. They were Advocates in the Court of Rome, and both most happy Fathers of two the most glorious Popes. These were Clement VIII. Son of Silvester Aldrovandi, and Paul V. Son of Mark Antony Borghese.*

## ADVICE X.

MENANTE'S Visit to the Political Warehouse at PARNASSUS.

TO know the particular Genius's of Men, we must repair to those Places where good and bad Commodities are expos'd to Sale, and view the Company in both; for you may as well distinguish a Lover of Learning in a Library, as a Gaming-House shews a Gamester; a Cook's Shop a Lover of his Belly, and a Tavern a Sot; and a vain Man is infallibly found in a Barber's Shop: There you may see the Humours of those *Narcissus's* and *Ganimedes*, who can have the Patience to continue two whole Hours in the Barber's Hands, with more Care, than a fair Lady bestows upon her Head, to accommodate their Beards, and to reduce each staring and irregular Hair into Order, that they fancy makes them look more ugly than the Devil in publick: For this Reason *Menante* frequents the publick Warehouse of the Politicians at *Parnassus*, with an Intent, that by comparing the Things there conserv'd, he may penetrate into the Disposition and Genius of that Court, and make his Report to his Friends of his agreeable Discoveries there.



Three Days since, *John Baptist Sanga*, a famous Secretary in the Court of *Rome*, came into this Warehouse, and demanded, if there was any Coal to be sold? He was answer'd in the Affirmative, and a Specimen was shewn thereof: He agreed upon the Price, and bought forty Asses Loads. *Menante* was surpriz'd to see such a Quantity bought so much beyond his apparent Occasions, having only one Servant: And being an intimate Friend of *Sanga's*, he ask'd him, to what Purpose he laid up such a Magazine of Coal? To which *Sanga* replied, he burnt no Wood in his Kitchen. *Menante* ask'd him, if he did it out of Regard to Frugality? *Sanga* replied, he liv'd at a Court where Reputation could not be bought too dear; that he hated Wood Fires, because they made more Smoke than live-Coal; and that it was very good for those who did not love the Taste of Smoke in their Broth: For his Part, he did not love those Setting-Dogs, who, scenting other People's Affairs, should conclude what a Houle he kept, by the Smoke ascending from his Chimney, he lov'd rather good Victuals upon his Table.

After *Sanga*, *Epictetus* the Philosopher came into the Shop, esteem'd in *Parnassus* for the great Qualifications of his Mind; and not less admir'd and ador'd by *Menante*. He desir'd the Fore-man of the Shop to shew him some Skins; and they accordingly brought him their Sables, Ermines, and their other most precious Furs: But none of these pleas'd the Philosopher, who told a political Supervisor of the Wares, that those Skins were too pompous, and he would have such as good Men put on. The Politician, quick in apprehending the Philosopher's Intention, carried him into an inner Apartment, and put upon his Shoulders a *Linx's* Skin lin'd with Lamb. *Epictetus* turn'd the Inside out; *Menante* advertis'd him of his Mistake; but to his great Surprise the Philosopher replied, You may, *Menante*, know how to put on *Spanish* Buskins, but the wearing of these Skins is out of your Way; the *Linx's* Skin, if I would attain any Ends, must not in the least appear in Sight to the World.

Upon this smart Repartee, *Menante* returned to the Warehouse, where he found a certain great Prince demanding to see some Ladles. They shew'd him four for a Specimen, but he demanded their whole Magazine. The Prince had in his Bosom a List of his Ministers, whom he found to amount to the Number of Three Hundred and twenty; and upon making a Scrutiny into their particular Merits, for the good he provided great, and for the less deserving, proportionably a smaller Sort. *Menante* observed, the Courtiers who had wasted their Time unprofitably to their Prince in that Place, had very small ones bestow'd upon them; a most signal Instance of Justice, to measure the Merits of a Courtier by his Application to his Duty, and



and not by the Series of Years he had spent in doing no Good. *Ménante* wondering at this liberal dispensing of Ladles, told the Prince, with whom he was particularly familiar, that in Courts of Princes he never observed more than one discretionary Ladle to give out Soup. The Prince replied, that Method had taught him Wisdom at his Cost; for my Want of Prudence and Justice in the giving out my Porridge (says he) has made my Courtiers better fed than taught; for paying too great a Regard to their capricious Humours, the united Streams of those Humours, as Jealousies, Hatred and Malice had almost overturned my State; a Fault, that convinced me, a Prince must be to those Creatures frugally just, and exact in his Measures to them; for Courtiers are devouring Gluttons of their Princes Favour, and look with a discontented Eye upon their Fellows Porridge running over, and crown'd with Fat; their Love to their Prince cools too often into Hatred, their Veneration turns into Contempt, and their Allegiance into Faction, and they foment Aversion to their Masters, to whom they uncharitably impute Folly and Want of Thought, Ingratitude, Slight and Partiality; and complain more of the Prince's Narrowness of Spirit than even of their own poor Allowance: And for a Prince to maim the Services of his Creatures, and expect their Love, is the same as to hold a Horse in, to augment his Speed.

The Prince was no sooner gone out of the Shop, but one wanted some Cloaks that hung down to the Ground; when they were brought, though no Fault could be found with them, as to Goodness and Colour, they were still too short: As the Gentleman was not the tallest Man in the World; and the Cloaks were long enough for even them, *Ménante* was under some Surprize, and asked him, who, or what he was? He freely told him he was a *Sicilian*; that with his own Substance he had built two Gallies, with a Design to live as a Sea-Beast of Prey: But that, as it was a Trade not very popular, or eputable, he wanted a Cloak to hide the Darkeness of his Intentions, and to appear only as a Champion for Learning and Merit, and a profess'd Enemy to Ignorance and Barbarity. *Ménante* told him, he lost only his Labour and his Pains, for all the Cloth in *England* would not make a Cloak long enough to hide a Rogue's Legs.

A *Virtuoso* came for some Yard-measures; many being shewn, and amongst the rest one for his Purpose, as it seem'd. Sir, says his Man, you may save that Expence, because you have one at home as just and true as any here. The Master answered, the Yard at home was a Measure only for himself, but that for other People, domestic Yards would not do; for he could never measure a Foreigner's Conscience by the Candor and Simplicity of his own Soul.

M

After



## 42    A D V I C E S    f r o m    P A R N A S S U S .

After this, *Ménante* saw the *Brescian* Poet, \* *Lorenzo Gambarà*, come into the Shop, who seeing a Parrot, he asked her Price, and was told One Hundred and fifty Crowns: *Gambarà*, who was more eager than wise in making his Bargain, was not displeased at the Price, but unfortunately could not reach the Sum; but rather than lose the Parrot, he would contentedly part with his Bed, Curtains, and all the Furniture of his House, to be prized by two indifferent Men: The Bargain being made, *Gambarà* took the Parrot home. *Ménante* was much scandalized at the Poet's contradicting the conceived Opinion of his Understanding, in that not being very rich, as appeared by his Clothes, he could sacrifice his Household-stuff, the Bed on which he reposed his Body, and sometimes eased his labouring Thoughts, for so insignificant a Creature as a Parrot. *Lorenzo* replied, Know, my dear Friend, that for the Sake of this Parrot, I would go naked into the World free of Wealth as I was born, and be even a Slave in the Gallies; for, being a *Lombard*, I possess the national Imperfections of my Country, a free Tongue, and a clear Heart; ancient Virtues, tho' now modern Crimes, and fatal to those who bring 'em into Courts: That this Bird could only correct that Fault, and bring a new Virtue unknown to us *Lombards* before, and practised only by our Neighbours, to conceal our own Sentiments, and speak the Words others put into our Mouths.

## O B S E R V A T I O N S .

**Y**OU may know, says *Boccalini*, the Genius of a Man by the Places he frequents: And when Beards were in Fashion, it seems, the Rendezvous of Beaus was in the Barbers Shops; and the prodigious Care we now take of the Top of the Head was then expended upon the Chin: But if those bearded *Ganimedes* and *Narcissus's* were so offensive, what shall we say to the Fops of this Age, with whom it is Good-breeding to out-do the Ladies in their own Way, and to seem more Woman than even the sensible Part of them are. I must needs say, I think a Woman of Sense a very agreeable Creature, and a Fool not so, with all the Advantage of natural Charms: But a Man who imitates the latter is worst of all. I call this present Age a Female *Metamorphoses*, or rather a Female Transmigration; though I hope the Reader will not take it ill, if I observe, that this Transmigration is not got over the Tweed yet, and perhaps never will, if the *Union* is not a Bridge for those Follies to pass over there. What I observe upon this Occasion can be no Prejudice, as having no Relation to that Country in any Sense whatsoever: Their Men have no Touch of Effeminacy, generally speaking, unless a little Tincture their † Envoys bring with them from Abroad; and their Women come the nearest

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\* He was none of the cleanest Poets of the Age, tho' he made some Amends by one *de novi Orbis inventiones*. See *Morey*.  
 † i. e. Their Envoys at the *English* Court.



nearest the Character of the ancient *Roman* Matrons that I can imagine. I will not clear their Men from a great many other substantial Faults: But their Women are unexceptionable, as to all Points of Honour, Virtue and Courage; and nothing restrains 'em but Duty from beating their Husbands, if they prove Cowards, or sell their Country. For my Part, I was there when the Malt-Tax was on Foot, and just after the Tumult at *Glasgow*, and heard continual Alarms from every Corner of the Kingdom of the Actions of the Women; if any of their Representatives were suspected as Pensioners, the Women chafis'd them, like the *Lacedemonian* Dames, when their flying Husbands brought back to their Country only Shame, in the Room of Glory: I saw a Standing-Army, and all but just enough to keep their Women quiet; and as Curiosity led me to see the Place where Faction and Humour had taken so many capricious Turns, I mean *Glasgow*, I saw Companies of Horse scouring about; I ask'd after whom? They told me they were in Pursuit of a Woman who headed the Rebellion there: I do not doubt *England* had such a Set of furious female Spirits, who fomented the Barons Wars, and procur'd our *Magna Charta*.

A Woman, govern'd by a masculine Spirit and masculine Sense, makes no uncommon Figure in the World in her own Person; nor is she useless as to her Breed: for from the Time female Virtue has declin'd in *England*, the Sons have lost theirs, if the Observations I have made upon that Head are to be depended upon.

I took the Hint to make these Observations from the foregoing Chapter, that a little Effeminacy in *Boccalini's* Time was very scandalous; but cou'd he be alive to see our Age, and our Customs in *England*, he wou'd find the Barber's Shop is no more in Request; I wou'd carry *Ménante* to the Camp, the Church, and the publick Assemblies of all Kinds, he wou'd wonder how our Soldiers fought, or Clergy preach'd, or our polite Gentlemen danc'd, before his Countrymen and Ladies came over to reach us.

Cou'd *Hannibal* go through our Camps, when at *Hide-Park*, and hear the Soldiers curse the Hardships of lying in the Fields, so far from their Bawdy-houses and Sews, he wou'd think of *Capua*, after the Rust contracted in his Quarters there: Could he but see them intrepidly attack their Landlords Fortresses where the Provisions lie; hear them curse the Maids, and hector like the *Lord-Danes* in *England*, he wou'd prescribe them a Shake or two in *Flanders*, a March for *Moscow*, or a Siege in *Norway*, in the midst of Winter.

Cou'd St. *Cyprian* be alive, and hear our Clergy preach; how tenderly they smooth over the Faults of the sinning Fair; how they recommend themselves by their Gestures, their Tone of Voice, and all their Actions to that Sex, he wou'd think they had compounded with Sin, Love and Gallantry, never to molest them more; to make a Cessation of all spiritual Hostilities, command every Text of Scripture to keep a proper and complaisant Distance from the Consciences of those tender Creatures, who have enough to do to struggle with Vapors, and not to be incommoded with the Terrors of Hell, and the rigid Precepts of Duty.

Wou'd *Ménante* come into *England*, he wou'd find a great many Goods fetch'd from the Warehouse at *Parnassus*; he may very well form an Idea of our Inclinations: As for making Smoke, dealing in Smoke, and selling it again,



again, till we are as black in the Trade as Hell itself; I appeal to the Experience of the present Age; for,

First, We have a religious Smoke, that can be turn'd into ready Money, fine Parks, and delicious Seats. The Reader will pardon me, if I can no more call the empty Noise of Religion without Efficacy, by any other Name than Smoke; for, if the Precepts do not bind, nor its Rewards allure, nor its Punishments deter, it is Smoke in the Hands of those Fools who believe it Substance; if, instead of carrying its Votary on Foot in Humility and Poverty to Heaven, it carries him in a Coach and Six to the Brink of the Grave, and there drops him; it is not a Pillar of Light, but a deceitful Pillar of Smoke.

There is another Smoke, call'd Constitution-Smoke; I pray God, we may have none of those fuliginous Vapors in our Kingdom, because a Man can never see his Honour, nor his true Interest through; we stumble every Step we go, as Men in Darkness, and make only false Trips wherever we turn.

A certain Gentleman, some Time since, wou'd persuade me, this was the Darkness that overspread the Land of *Ægypt*. That the Children of *Israel* had Light in all their Dwellings, *i. e.* they had Understanding, when their Neighbours had none: But I am far from allegorizing the History of the Bible away.

I have seen a very ancient Manuscript, wrote by an *Ægyptian* Priest, Secretary, when *Amenophis* reign'd in *Ægypt*; who is suppos'd to be the very *Pharaoh*, afterwards drown'd in the Red-Sea.

He says, there fell a very terrible Darkness upon the Land of *Ægypt* in his Time; and that, being a Philosopher, he was very curious in enquiring into this strange and surprizing Phenomenon; he went through all the Divisions of Light and Darkness, and mark'd out the Land of *Goshen*, where there was perfect Light, and made a Map of that unaccountable *Eclipse*: For, by the Benefit of a Pair of internal Eyes, the Philosopher cou'd walk any-where, as with a Dark Lantern, and they were call'd, the Eyes of Wisdom.

He says, it is a Mistake that the Darkness was every-where; for the Apartments of several of the chief Ministers enjoy'd a perfect Light; and, to his great Surprize, the Prince himself he found hid in a dark Cole-hole. Out of Compassion, this Philosopher *Mennocrates* repair'd to the chief Butler (N.B. the Butler and the Baker in *Ægypt* were the chief Ministers of State, and always eat and drank up the Revenues of that potent Kingdom) and desir'd him, either to call the Prince into his Apartment, or to lend him a little Light. No, says the Butler, then I shall be hang'd: We have all the Care, and he has all the Ease; he may eat, drink, and confirm our Orders, equally in the dark as in the Light. The Philosopher seeing the Disposition of that Minister, was resolv'd to try the Baker. Sir, says the Baker, by the Light let into the Cranny of one of our Prince's Skulls, one of my Ancestors was hang'd some Time since.

The Philosopher compassionated the Case of the unhappy Prince, to have so many Servants, and so little Help, and wou'd have lent him my internal Eyes: No, says the Prince, if I have a little Patience, my Butler and my Baker will help me out. And so they did, says our Philosopher, into the Red-Sea.

I have



I have been often puzzled to account for that common Notion of conjuring down Spirits, and binding them in the Red Sea; I conclude, it comes from a broken Tradition, of *Pharab* being bound by his Ministers, and conjur'd down into his own Destruction.

The Philosopher proceeded to give an Account of strange and surprizing Accidents that occur'd during his Stay there: Some came to ask for the Council of Liberty, an admirable Court, instituted by *\*Menes*, alias *Mizraim*, their first, and great King; who, for giving true Liberty to his Subjects, was ador'd, and worship'd as a God. Here you might come for Liberty, but in the dark, several fell into a Dungeon, and felt their Legs shackled: Yet *LIBERTY* was wrote in Capital Letters over that dismal Prison; and the Ministers had those who asserted it to be the true Chamber of Liberty still.

In short, the Confusion was so great, the Philosopher might say of Ministers, as *Gregory Nazianzen* said of Bishops; As they were, he wish'd there had been no such Order in the World.

A great many fresh Discoveries were made by this Philosopher, of which I shall say more hereafter: However, the Relation was so terrible, that, like talking of Spirits, my Imagination was so strongly impress'd, I fancied myself in that Darknels, and made my Way out as fast as I cou'd, lest I should stumble upon a Knave in the dark, which I could not well miss in a Place where there are never less than forty to one on that Side the Question.

To return, *Epictetus*, *Menante* tells us, put the Lamb-Skin outwards; a very awkward Way, for both Sides of those Robes are not made so alike as to bear that to be done, for the Grossness of the Stitches will be seen.

I have convers'd very much with the hypocritical World; and all their Art cannot conceal the unnatural Appearance caus'd by turning the Outside in.

I am very often blam'd for not looking Men in the Face; a Contempt I am very apt to bestow upon the Outside of the World; for when I am in Company I look inwardly, and conclude, that Simplicity is generally Affectation; and that the Skin of some Beast of Prey is least in sight: A Cat always licks a Mouse before she devours it; and I as much fear the Careless of great Men, as their open Hostilities.

*Menante* shew'd me at *Parnassus* several Tan-pits, and a great many Skins brought in to be dress'd, and afterwards cut out into a human Shape; but so nicely tann'd, that it was hard to distinguish the Grain. *Diana* generally, if she catch'd a wild Beast, sent the Skin to these Tan-pits at *Parnassus*. *Menante* told me the Demand was prodigiously increas'd for these sort of Skins within a Thousand Years; even since *Europe* has been parcell'd out into so many Courts they send away ten for one: And when the Purchasers die, the most eminent Skins are return'd, and hung up in a large Room like *Westminster-Hall*, as Trophies, when *Apollo* celebrates his Festivals for the Coronation of newKings, the said Trophies, likewise are Monuments of the Services they have done in all the Changes of Government that have happen'd in the World.

I ask'd *Menante*, if since Pontiffs, Flamens and Priests meddled with State-Affairs, the Demand for those Skins had not risen very high? He told me, from the Time of the Council of *Nice* to the present Age there have been larger

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Quan-

\* Grandson of Noah.



## 46      A D V I C E S      f r o m      P A R N A S S U S .

Quantities fold than ever. The *Arians* bought a great many of all Sorts of wild Beasts Furr and Lamb-Skins: In Power, they put on the Tyger and the Leopard; and when out, the Lamb. Some of the Orthodox, who meant well, and lov'd Preferments, put on any Skin their Enemies pleas'd, and look'd a little more like Fools than Knaves.

Pray, says I, what old Skin is that, which looks pink'd, as though it had suffer'd Martyrdom without Design? It was the Covering of a well-meaning Prelate, says he, that had a very good Skin of his own; but being a great Statesman likewise, he put on a Fox's Skin, to ingratiate himself with General *Monk*, who wore one always next his own, till an Opportunity offer'd to cast it off: By the Help of those Skins they cast the *Rump* out of *England*, and Presbytery out of *Scotland*; and were the Patrons of that great Festival *Apollo* celebrates every Twenty-ninth of *May*. This Skin was sadly pink'd and maul'd by Dr. *Burnet*, who, in his Turn, had his Skin, with which he transfer'd his Allegiance from *Scotland* to *Holland*, serv'd in the same manner.

I saw a great many other Skins, that look'd as though they had pass'd through the Engagements at *Hocksted* and *Ramellies*. It is the Way at *Par-nassus* for any of the *Literari* to pink a Skin he does not like, with Resentment, Malice, or some peculiar Sentiment or Passion of his own. Dr. *Burnet*, when I was there, had just put in his Petition to *Apollo* for Immortality; it was granted upon Condition, that he confin'd himself to preaching, and the ancient historical Clafs, because, as he was very mischievously given to pinking, he wou'd spoil all the Skins in the large Hall, if he was permitted to come there.

Good God! says I to *Menante*, let us look a little nearer into Mankind than the Surface; there is Treachery and Destruction under these Skins.

I turn'd then to the Ladders. I pray, *Menante*, how much Porridge do you think a Statesman wou'd help himself to, if his Prince was to let him alone? Enough, says *Menante*, to drown one half of the World, and to scald the other: The more they eat they have still secret Conveyances and Room for more; but measure to them in Proportion to their real Merit, one Sheep's Head will serve a whole Court.

My Eye was carried hence to view the Cloaks for a Knave's Legs. I observe, that they may answer some Ends in a Hurry, and may prevent the Inspection of the Vulgar; but I never knew 'em succeed with Men of Sense: For there is a particular Awkwardness and Shuffling in the Gate, they neither tread, nor look firm; nor is any thing they undertake natural, or easy to them, their Promises are forced, and their Performances faint.

Upon the whole, I conclude, that the most useful Creature for a Politician is a kind of Parrot, that will vary his Lesson, as his Teachers direct, or he will spoil all. For instance, I knew a Parrot belonging to an Office of State was taught to say A L L K N A V E S to the Boys in the Street; it was urged as a Judgment upon the Ministry then in Power, that the very Birds gave Evidence against them. Upon the Change of that Ministry, the Parrot had the same Tone for their Successors, viz. A L L K N A V E S. The Satyr sunk so deep, the Parrot for not learning a new Lesson lost his Life by the Hands of his new Masters.

*Discite Jusitiam moriti.*

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+ *Sharp*, Archbishop of St. *Andrew's*, murder'd by Villains in *Scotland*; and very lately re-stab'd by *Burnet*, in his History of his own Times.



# ADVICES

FROM

PARNASUS.

By TRAJANO BOCCALINI.

Translated from the ITALIAN.

WITH

Observations, Reflections, and Notes.

By a FRIEND to MENDANT.

NUMB. III.

For the Month of May, 1727.

*Nemo hoc in Parnis pressor, in Temperatis ornatior, in magnis sublimior, Nemo Judicem acutius docuit, delectavit jucundius, incitavit ardentius.*

Naugeri Epist. ad Leo. X.

LONDON:

Printed for J. ROBERTS, at the *Oxford-Arms*  
in *Warwick-Lane.* MDCXXVII.



# PROPOSALS.

SUBSCRIPTIONS, except a very few, being now at an End, the AUTHOR makes the following PROPOSALS for those to come for the future.

I. THAT the WORK shall be carried on in the same Manner as was promised before.

II. THAT the Publishing Price for each Book of Six Sheets shall be *Eighteen Pence*, and for Twelve, *Three Shillings*.

III. THEY who take the Three preceding Ones, shall be upon a Foot with the First Subscribers, and have the Books sent to them for the future, into any Part of *England*, paying the Publishing Price, *Four Shillings* and *Six Pence* for the First Three, and no more than *One Shilling* for every Six following Sheets, till the Whole is finish'd, or they desist from demanding the same.

IV. THERE being very few of the Large Paper left, they who pay *One Guinea*, shall have it accounted for in the whole, at the Rate of *One Shilling* for every Six Sheets.

V. THEY who appear to have already engaged to Subscribe, shall be upon the first Foot.

RECEIPTS are given out from Mr. Cockburn's, over-against the *Menſe-Gate*, *Charing-Cross*; and Mrs. *Elizabeth Smith*, under the *Royal-Exchange*, over-against *Exchange-Alley*.

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## ADVICE XI.

*Fidelity departs from PARNASSUS, and is found  
in a Dog-Kennel.*

THE Noble Palace of *Fidelity*, the Resort of Princes, Ministers of State, and Senators of the most glorious Republicks, is now become a Scene of Desolation; and on the 18th past was intirely shut up. *Apollo* commanded Entrance to be made by Force, and the Lady be obliged to give an Account of this unexpected Change: His Majesty's Commands were obey'd, and the Palace was found without a Live-Creature therein. Upon this being known, the *Virtuosi* put on Mourning, cover'd their Heads with Ashes, and gave all the Demonstrations of Grief; and *Apollo* shew'd the same Signs of Sorrow as for his Son *Phaeton*: He well knew the Foundations of Government were very unstable and precarious, when the Prop of that great Machine was gone. He issu'd out a Proclamation, in which he gave, even the Ignorant, and Persons otherwise incapable of Fame and Glory, an Hundred Years Indulgence of Immortality, for the Reward of finding out her Ladyship's Haunts; and he gave from his Royal Treasury Security upon *Homer*, *Virgil*, and wealthy *Tacitus*, unexceptionable Merchants in *Parnassus*, to pay with their Ink the Share of Immortality promis'd upon that Account, whose Profession and Business it was. The Richness of the Reward prompted many to go in Search; and at last, her Royal Majesty was found in the Dog-Kennel of the great Hunter *Atteon*, and the beautiful *Adonis*. When *Apollo* was inform'd thereof, he sent the two serene Muses, *Melpomene* and *Thalia*, to reconduct that most eminent Virtue from that dismal Abode to her old Habitation, but all in vain: The serene Princesses bitterly in Tears bewail'd her unhappy Fate. Go tell (says she) your Lord *Apollo*, that Fraud, my eternal and mortal Enemy, has conquer'd at last; and inglorious Self-Interest, the Tyrant and Ravager of the most eminent Governments, has chas'd me from the Heart of Man: A Dwelling, I thought I could call my own. Go tell your Monarch, the World is sunk so low beneath  
O  
itself,



itself, that *Fidelity*, inviolably attach'd to the Service of her Prince to the last Extremity of Life, Spirits, and Fortune, from being admird and ador'd, is treated as a vain Offentration, instead of a Virtue: Tell him, a perfidious Mind, accommodated to serve every Time, and bend to every Humour, is the Sagacity of the present Age; while unhappily I am forced to take my Refuge in this Dog-Kennel, where the *Fidelity* I endeavour to impress upon the World is only to be found.

## OBSERVATIONS.

**T**HE Palace of *Fidelity* at *Parnassus* will scarce bear a Description in this Place; it was rather an Academy for Sciences, than a Palace for one single Divinity.

It was built upon a Rock, on that Side of *Parnassus* that surveys all *Greece* and *Italy*; and an Observatory was erected on the Top thereof, not unlike the Observatory in the Palace of *Soissons* in *Paris*, in which *Katherine de Medicis* used to sit and contemplate the Stars: In the same Manner the Goddess *Fidelity* was used to place herself, to survey the Rise and Fall of Honour and Virtue in the World below.

The Descent of the Hill before the Building of this Palace was a thick Cover of Shrubs and Brushes, very much like the Descent of *Dorcadale* in *Derbyshire*. There were a great many hollow Rocks and Caves, Receptacles for Foxes and Thieves. Numbers of Snakes and Vipers crept thro' the matted Grass, and quench'd their poisonous Jaws, all Heat and Venom, in the cooling Rivulets descending from the Caverns of the Hill, *Heliconian* Streams: For that Spring was the Parent of all the refreshing Waters in that Place. When the Goddess survey'd the wild Desolation of that intended Avenue to her new Palace, it seem'd very unfit for her Choice: The croaking of Frogs wou'd disturb her Repose, and the Inhabitants were not fit to take into her Family, or to be suffer'd to come to Court. She therefore order'd the Bushes to be cut down, the Caves to be fill'd up, and all the Vipers and Snakes to be destroy'd. The Way was made plain and open for every honest Man to come up without Danger to his Heels. This was a happy Reformation in *Parnassus*; for many of the *Liverrats*, entic'd by the Solitude, and the agreeable Wildness of the Place, wou'd take their Walks in the Meanders, and lye down in the cool Covers thereof, and be often bit by these Vipers whom Envy shak'd off from her Locks, and left to breed there. *Horace* slept a whole Summer's Night in one of the Caves, and was bit in such a Manner he had but three whole Places in his Skin the Breadth of a Hand: And *Lucretius's* intimate Companion *Creech* was stung to Death. The Place being thus clear'd, there was nothing to obstruct the View, or encumber the Walk.

The



## ADVICES from PARNASSUS

The Palace was magnificent, the Pillars *Tuscan*, and the Foundation was dug into a Rock as deep below as the Superstructure was high from the Ground: No Tempest cou'd ever shake, no Lightning blast the Summit thereof; for all the Materials were of such a Nature as to resist Fire, Winds, and even the Moulderings of Time.

In this Palace she had long made her Abode; her Court flourish'd with the Resort of ancient *Romans* and renown'd *Grecian* Patriots for some Ages, till by Degrees every one fell off, except *Timon* the Man-harer: Noxious Vermin crept into her most secret Retreats, and the disconsolate Lady fled to hide herself in a Kennel of Hounds.

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## ADVICE XII.

### *A Musick-Master admitted to Immortality.*

FOUR Months since *Apollo* proclaim'd a general Dyet of the Learned at *Helicon* for the eighth Instant, where all the great Poets, Nobility, and Deputies from Universities, met together in the Morning. In the great Hall of the Palace his Majesty sat in his Royal Throne, under the Covering of Eternity, environ'd by the illustrious Muses: And as *Apollo* had given publick Notice, he had a Candidate for Eternity to propose, many were the Disputes amongst the Learned, whom the Person shou'd be: The most common Opinion centred in one *Justus Lipsius*, a *Fleming*, whose learned Luteubrations perfum'd the whole Air of *Parnassus*, and had sharpen'd the Stomachs of the *Literati* rather to devour than taste him. Others said, it wou'd be determin'd in the said Audience to immortalize the most illustrious Cardinal *Serafino Olivieri*, the Prince of modern Learning; who was receiv'd upon the Borders of *Parnassus* with extraordinary Demonstrations of Honour and Respect. It increas'd their Wonder, that a Life spent in the drudging Employs of the *Rota*, could acquire the Studies of Divinity and Philosophy, together with the Character of the greatest Lawyer of his Time; be a compleat Astrologer and Mathematician, and contract a Familiarity with the *Greek* and *Latin* Tongues: Yet to increase the Wonder more, this Prelate, full of Learning, began at 80 Years of Age to be a Learner of the *Arabick* Language; he grac'd a noble Library with being more learned than all his Books. While the Expectations of the *Virtuosi* were



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were in an equal Balance with these two great Men, *Apollo* propos'd *Vincenzo Pinti*, term'd at the Court of *Rome* the Knight of the Lute, for his excellent Skill therein. The *Literati* being astonish'd at this unexpected Choice, humbly represented to his Majesty, it would cast no great Lustre upon their College to admit a Fidler therein. *Apollo* reply'd, he expected their Wonder upon this Occasion, yet it was not without a good Meaning he decreed Immortality to that Knight, and desir'd an implicit Obedience to his Wisdom. After a Scrutiny, it was carry'd in Favour of the Knight, and he was introduc'd into the College by the Master of the *Pegasus* Ceremonies. Then *Apollo* apply'd to the Knight; You *Vincenzo Pinti*, are the first of your Profession honour'd by the learned College, and with Honours reserv'd only for those who have merited the same by the Swear of their Brows in the Advancement of Learning: But your being necessary has hasten'd our Resolution; teach therefore both Princes and Subjects the most important and necessary Art of tuning the Lute, the Ignorance of which has made many crack the Strings by screwing them too high; and some *Bizar's*, B E N D E A V O U R I N G T O S T R A I N T H E B A S E S T O T R E B B L E, S P O I L T H E W H O L E T U N E A N D H A R M O N Y O F T H E L U T E.

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O B S E R V A T I O N S .

**T**H O' I never play'd upon the Lute myself, and never learn'd the *Gamut* of Musick, I can so judge of Harmony and Discord, by the Congruity and Discongruity with my own Soul, as to know when the Strings speak their proper Parts: And tho' there is Hypocrisy in Speech and Looks, there is no Hypocrisy can succeed in Musick, unless you say Mr. *Clinch* of *Barnet* was one of those musical Hypocrites who could please the Ear without any Knowledge of a Tune; yet, no doubt he knew how to strike upon the harmonious Strings of the Ear, or he had never pleas'd his Audience. I wish, for my Part, Musick was learn'd before Grammar by Princes and Statesmen; it would prevent many of the first from being dethron'd, and the latter from falling from the Top of Power to the lowest Degree of popular Hatred and Contempt, as they too often do.

I have known the Powers of the Mind often weaken'd, and very often strengthen'd by Passion, and take in Recruits by Oppression; and I have known a Man, violently stripp'd of all the Goods of Fortune, grow more powerful, by the Velocity of Passions the poorer he was. I could carry the Reader through a great many Instances in History of Revolutions in Government, by stretching too much upon the Humours of the People; and not a few,



few, by angering little Men: And therefore the Author of *Ecclesiasticus* was perfectly right in saying, *He that despiseth little Things, shall fall by little and little.* And I know a Great Man who us'd another ill, out of meer Contempt of the Lowness of his Circumstances, of his not having even Power to do Mischief; yet this Man has stuck close to him, and convinc'd him, that one Indiscrction can give Years of Pain to an Aggressor. Therefore, for my Part, when I have the least Intimation that the lowest Creature in Life has taken a Spite to me, I send my Plenipotentiaries, and procure a Congress as soon as I can. The same Maxim holds in greater; for, was I upon the Thrones of Germany, France and Spain, I wou'd not anger the Duke of Deux-Ponts.

There are these several Marks by which I know when the Strings are screw'd too high in a Government.

1. *When Offenders are hunted like Beavers for their Skins and Stones.* If they sling away one, and save the other, the foolish Statesman thinks he has but half his Bargain. When a Man's Estate is gone, he may waste away, and moulder to nothing in Poverty and Want; but when he is hunted for his Skin, as the Devil very well observes, *Skin for Skin, yea, all that a Man hath will he give for his Life,* Job ii. 4.

2. *When People are kept up with perpetual Terrors;* for, the Body politick must sleep sometimes, or it will run mad at last. There is a Time to frighten Folks, and a Time to let them sleep; and I have known Statesmen take those Opportunities to frighten others, when they have been intrinsically alarm'd only with their own private Danger, as a Pick-pocket sometimes cries out *Fire*, when the Mob are going to seize him and carry him before a Magistrate; but the ill Effects of these Alarms leave Dregs of Discontent behind, that ferment new Humours in the People.

3. *When they are too often promis'd what they never see perform'd.* This strains the Passion for Enjoyment too much; all Hearts not vented beget Acrimony in Time in the Mind of Man; for, when we expect the Enjoyment of some Good, and find ourselves not only baffled therein, but even in the Good-will of our pretended Benefactors, it raises Indignation: For, if every Man has his foolish Strings, they will not bear the Stretch too often; and if Mankind love to be flatter'd, they hate to be abus'd. This was the Case of a certain Gentleman, who, if he had been hang'd at first, according to his Promise, had not gone out of the World half so ill-humour'd as he did.

4. *When the popular Current is cross'd in every little and inconsiderable Instance;* even when the Current does not run against the Interest of the governing Power; for, they shou'd always take as much of the Current in with them as they can, lest another Man shou'd set up his Water-Mill, and grind for himself: For Instance, the Royal Cause of King Charles I. has, and always will have the strong Current of the People's Affections; and yet I have known foolish Divines, as well as wicked ones, slur him in their Anniversary Sermons, and do neither God, their King, or their Country Service thereby: And when the wicked slander the righteous Men, they reflect only Glory to the Saint, and Shame to themselves.

5. *When Persons or Sects, and of Religion unpopular and odious are shelter'd by Men in Power:* For, it is not always politick, to take every Man into Friendship who offers his Service; for, some bring no Credit, whatsoever other Advantages they have with them.



I have here laid down five Methods by which a Prince may lose his Power, and a chief Minister break his Neck: Let me add, it requires the nicest Care to manage the Screw of the People's Affections; when they are wavering, to take away their Suspitions; when they are inconstant, to fix 'em to some Object; for, the Multitude are headstrong, furious, and impetuous: And if you screw a little too high, there are others watchful over your Ruin, will take the Screw out of your Hand, and wind up the least Irregularity, till they make the String break: Such were the Demagogues in King *Charles* I's Reign; his Ministers screw'd the Prerogative a little too high; and the Demagogues broke all the Prerogative into Pieces: For, they magnified every little Stretch into a total Subversion. How careful ought Princes to be of giving the Handle of a Screw to their Enemies.

I have often known Men brought down from their greatest Security, by their Folly in condemning these Things; whereas, the Mutations of mighty Empires rise from very small Springs that augment to Rivers, and Rivers to Inundations: And I have often pier'd the Face of Princes, by the over-great Security, and Pride of their Ministers, from the highest Signs of Command and external Power, crowded down into more Inconveniences of Misery than private Men are subject to. I have often the Scene of King *James* at *Fewerham* before my Eyes; and it is generally succeeded by a Flood of Tears; as also for *David* at the Brook *Kedron*, and *Zedekiah* with his Eyes put out.

If I shou'd be ask'd who are the most like to screw high, I answer, ignorant hot-headed, and bigotted Clergymen; Uplands in Power from low Degree, Cowards who fear their own Shadows; and all that Set of Men, who are in Power, as at a Tavern drunk with Wine; for, whenever Passion and Power go together, there is Intoxication, and then they screw as they drive, without Fear or Wit: And *Apollo* puts on for these Men the Mourning-Suit he had for *Phaeton*.

## N O T E S.

*JUSTUS LIPSIUS* was an Antiquarian, whose Brains lay in his Head, and his Strength in his Back, contrary to *Boccalini's* Description of that Set of Men.

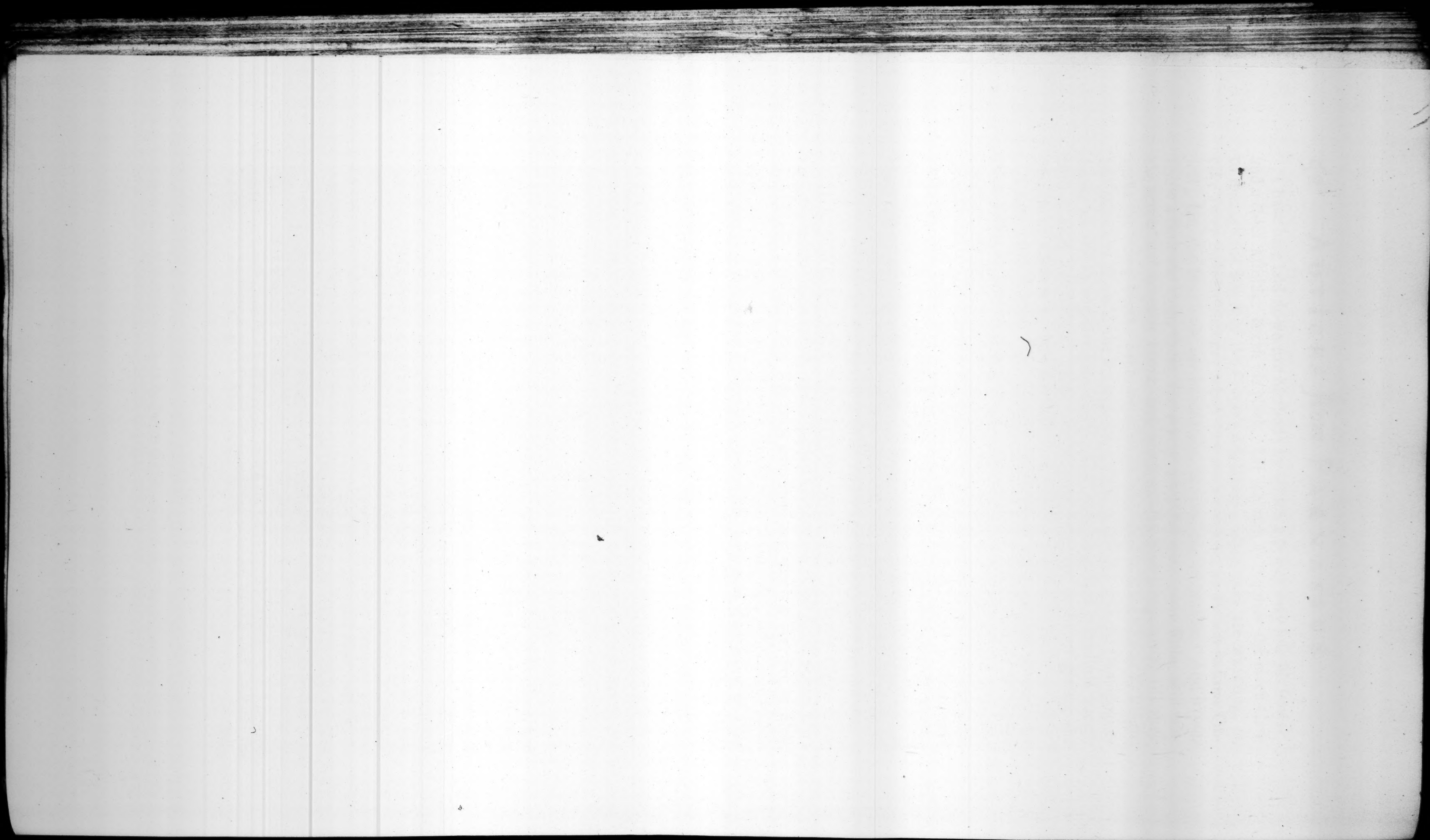
And as it is necessary to give every Country their Due, *Brabant* claims him as her Darling and her Honour; he was born in the Year 1547, he was one of those early Prodiges Nature pushes out, when she means to exert all her Strength at once: He was sent at 12 Years of Age to *Cologne*, and bred amongst the *Jesuits*, and there commended Master of Philosophy: At 16 his Parents order'd him to *Lowain*; and at the 20th Year of his Age composed four Books of various Lections, a sort of Learning, tho' banter'd by the Wits of the Age, shew'd in his early Years well-digested Learning and solid Judgment: From thence he repair'd to *Rome*, and in the Libraries there, laid up the vast Magazine of Learning he gave to the World, digested and refin'd in his own Brains. Again, he was happy in the Patronage of Cardinal *Granville*, with whom he spent two Years, and in searching into the Antiquities of that famous City: From thence he return'd to *Lowain*, and being desirous of seeing the Courts of Princes, he took a Journey to *Vienna* to *Maximilian* II's Court. Endeavouring to return into his own Country, the

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made him Patriarch of *Alexandria*; and in the Year 1604, gave him a Cardinal's Cap, at the Request of Henry the Great. He dy'd in the Year 1609. See *Morery*.

*Morery* cites two Epistles of *Lipsius* to him, the first appears to have been wrote three Years before that great Man's Death, *Ep. 33. Cent. 5.* in which he takes Notice of the good Opinion and Esteem *Olivieri* had for him; which he understood by his Friends *Macarius, Erycius, Putaenus*. The second was *Ep. 65.* a Year before *Lipsius's* Death: And the Year after *Olivieri* was made a Cardinal, he compliments him upon that Occasion, and recommends *Philipp Rubens* again to him, as he had done before in *Ep. 33.*

This *Philipp Rubens* was very dear to *Lipsius*, as appears by many of his Epistles; and was recommended to him by Cardinal *Colonna*.

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## ADVICE XIII.

John Francis Peranda his Blindness a great Happiness.

**P**ERANDA for several Years has solicited his Majesty to be admitted to Immortality, with Vigour, Assiduity, and the most potent Interest. *Apollo* was very averse to his Request, because his only Pretensions thereto were a Volume of Letters; Compositions his Majesty was so nauseated with, he would be more pleas'd to ease the *Delphick* Library of infinite Volumes, than increase the Number therein. That Library was adapted to Writings of Invention and Genius; and unprofitable Letters were an Incumbrance to the Shelves: For, as Ambition was a too common and prevailing Fault of Mankind; and the Method of modern Writers was only a low Expression of their Thoughts, and writing was the Pretension of every Fool; An easy Admittance of these mean Pretenders into *Parnassus* wou'd fill it with impertinent Relations of private Miseries and domestick Affairs, not equal to the Grandeur of that Place, and the Dignity of its Rewards. It was moreover to be observed, that many had the Boldness to publish Letters to Kings and Princes, whose very Stirrups they never came near: A Falshood the more fatal to good Sense, because Truth has a natural Vivacity, and an impressive Force, superior to the Affectation of Fiction, detestable to ingenious Men. However, the *Cajetanean* Party prevaild at *Parnassus* over all these Objections in  
Q Behalf



Behalf of their Slave, by insinuating to his Majesty upon the peculiar Merit and Eminency of his Compositions, in that Kind; wherefore, *Apollo*, in Regard to this Testimony, and his Letters giving Light into several Parts of History useful to the Speculations of the *Virtuosi*, he gave him the first Place amongst all the *Italian* Secretaries. This just Regard to Desert, in honouring the *Virtuoso* with Immortality, the frequent Practice of that Prince, was by licentious Tongues interpreted Partiality to the illustrious Cardinal *Henry Cajetan*; a Prince, who, for his Magnificence, Intrepidity of Mind, elegant Habits, candid Genius, and the inimitable Perfections of his Soul, and in the whole, adorn'd with every choicest Gift of Nature; was deservedly *Apollo's* Darling.

It is to be observ'd, that when the *Virtuosi* sare upon *Peranda's* Writings, it being the Custom of that Place to allow impartial Debates, *Claudius Ptolomæus* found Fault that all the Words were not *Tuscan*: The Censor bade *Ptolomæus* hold his Peace; for, that with Men of Letters, the Sense, Genius and Fire of a Man was to be regarded, and Words were left only to low and malignant Pedants.

*Peranda*, some Years before his Death, having lost his Sight, *Girolanus Fracastorius* undertook to restore him to the same again. *Peranda* promised Five Hundred *Scudi*, upon the successful Event of that Care: In the Morning the Physician repair'd to do the Work; *Peranda* sitting in his Chair, asked the Doctor, if all was ready? The Doctor reply'd, his Instruments, Plaister and Lint were there. These Things, says *Peranda*, may procure the Sight, but not the Comforts of Seeing; pray how stands the World? It has the very same Station, says the Doctor, it had before you was blind. If so, says *Peranda*, I have no Ambition to spend one Penny to recover my Eyes, which I without Grievance lost, rather than see the vile Enormities of the Age a generous Man dares to cast his Eye upon.



## REFLECTIONS.

B OCCALINI wrote this in an Age too early to form a right Judgment of the Beauty and Usefulness of that Manner of writing. It is now become very common to open the Cabinets of Ministers of State, after they are dead; and it is indeed, the best Method in the World, to form a Notion of the Views and Interests of that Set of Men, as well as of their Masters: And I have often wish'd myself secretly convey'd thro' the Key-hole of their Secretors, before their Executors and Heirs take Possession of their Rarities. I am very much surpriz'd, in the Reign of King Charles I. the Trick was not recur'd to, that is now become very common, of attacking the Studies of Male-contents first; and if he had sent his Messengers to the Lodgings of the Demagogues, instead of looking for their Persons in the House, and taken away their Papers: the Publication of those Letters would have been at once a Curiosity, a publick Utility, and prevented a Flame, that has since scorch'd up that Family. It would have been very diverting to read a Letter from Cardinal Richlieu to Pym to this Effect:

S I R,

YOU have got a King on the Throne, whose Morals you can't attack, no more than we can get at him with our Fleets and Armies. The Tranquillity of your Country, compar'd with the Broils and Tumults of France, makes the People curse my Ministry. It is a Looking-Glass, on which I am reflected back with Deformity. I am inform'd you have Capacity to destroy a Peaceful, Religious, Sedentary Monarch, who adores the Habit equally as the intrinsick Qualities of a Bishop, and expects his Ministers to be as chaste, virtuous and sincere as himself. I will give you some necessary Materials, by which you may come at him, bewitch a People bless'd with too much Ease, and bring a tempestuous Day upon the clearest Morning that Island ever had. I have sent you an Abstract of my Government, by which I am destroying the Liberties of France: Every Step of mine persuade the People his, if you can; if his Ministers tread in one single Footstep of mine, hunt 'em with equal Violence to the last: Let the first Fault be a damnable, an irreparable Sin, a total Subversion; so make the Constitution and Liberties of England your Walking-Stick to attend him out of his Dominions. And when he comes here, we will send him back to you as an injur'd Prince, unless you make Treaties and Alliances to keep him off. We will fright him like a Hare, hunt him like a Fox, and conform ourselves to any Pleasure or Profit of our own. Your Reward will be, if your Heels are not kick'd up by more active Scoundrels than yourself, the chief Ministry, as I have in France; Dukes are my Slaves, Lords my Property, and Bishops my Pimps.

I am Yours to serve, after my own Ends,

Pray remember that invincible

Col. Strafford, sweep him  
off the Chess-Board,

RICHLIEU.

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A Collection of Letters of this Nature surely deserve Immortality: You have in this a Light for Princes and People too; History is lame, and goes upon Crutches without these secret Communications of Thought; Confession only takes 'em out, and locks 'em up again; but in this Manner they are imprefs'd for the Good of the speculative and practical World at once.

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## OBSERVATIONS.

**A**S there are several Methods of retreating from the World, the Happiness or Unhappiness of those Retreats depend upon the Dispositions and Inclinations of Men; yet they are all artificial Ways of putting the Eyes out. When a Courtier retreats from Power, he travels, or goes into the Country, not to avoid seeing the Knaves he left behind there, but that he cannot bear not to see himself the principal Knave in the Company.

When a Man of distinguish'd Sense and Honesty, blest with a publick Spirit, appears on the Theatre of Life, it is not for the Pleasure he takes therein. I have been often in Pain for the Violences and Constraints put upon his Nature; and when he withdraws, it is either from Despair of doing Good, or a Passion to indulge that artificial Blindness. It is like the Departure of a Soul from the Afflictions of humane Life, into the separate State of Peace and Rest.

A wife Man sees the World with a different View from the rest of Mankind; their Pleasures are Incumbrances to his Genius, their Scopes and Views widely distant; he endeavours to keep Company with Men, who ride faster than he can: And if he's never so young and vigorous, a decrepit Bishop of Fourcore shall out-leap him. Honesty has a great Weight and Inactivity in temporal Affairs, tho' it is wing'd for Heaven; and a Knave shall out-strip the most aspiring candid Genius, if he stops to take the World up with him.

If *Peranda* could have added Oblivion to Blindness, his Happiness had been more perfect; but when our Eyes are clos'd upon all the pleasing and entertaining Objects of Nature, our Contemplation is more deep, our Passions more strong; and consequently, our Grief more violent. I am sure Time and Blindness will never cure some melancholy Reflections of mine; and if I could forget 'em, I should want Experience, and come raw into the World as I began it.

For Peace and Rest I know no Means except Religion, that turns all our Passions and Affections towards Heaven. When we can give the World the slip, and go behind the Curtain of the Grave, it is to be hop'd our middle State will not be like *Mr. Campbell's* Scheme, to look through and see the Damn'd in Misery just by us. It was a pious Observation of Bishop *Ken's*, that he thought Compassion was due to Rebels; and I could sincerely desire the Eyes of my Soul to be put out, rather than see the future Punishment of wicked Men: For, tho' I have the greatest Indignation against their Crimes, I look upon those Crimes to be Conquests upon humane Nature; and it is a sad Sight to see the Devastation Vice makes upon the Mind, it enters like a Tyrant, reigns like a Tyrant, and goes out like a Devil.

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A certain great Minister of State told me once, he would, old as he was, go 500 Leagues to see a virtuous honest Man. I was in Raptures at the seeming Innocence of the Expression. I found in a little Time his Meaning, that he would go so far to ruin that honest Man; and that, if he went all over the World, his two Legs would support a Knave wherever he went, and that Blindness only could prevent his not seeing one, wherever he turn'd his Eyes about himself.

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N O T E S.

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CLAUDIUS PTOLOMEVS was that ancient *Alexandrine* Geographer, who has oblig'd the World so much with the Limits of the Old One, and with their Knowledge in Astronomy and Geography; by which it appears they were not Fools more than the Moderns: Upon Geography he has left Eight Books, the first is a little System of Geography itself; in which the Antients suppos'd even their inhabited World to be the Section of a Sphere, and accommodated their Mathematicks thereto: And with a little Reflection more they might have made it a perfect Sphere; and given the Hint for more early Discoveries than were made, or at least than have come to us. I know the modern finding out the *West Indies* has been a common Objection against the *Mosaical* Account of the Creation and the Flood; yet, as we are ignorant in what Manner the first Inhabitants came there driven by Storms and Tempests, or finding a Passage by the Streights of *Anian*. We may as well say an Acron fell down from the Stars, when we see an Oak-Tree grow where there was never any before, as upon that Presumption to deny the *Mosaick* Account of our Descent from *Adam*.

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ADVICE XIV.

*The Corruption of the Italian Academies.*

IT was the 20th Instant, before the Commissioners sent by the Ministers of the *Italian* Academies had Audience of his Majesty: One of the most venerable Heads crown'd with Dullness gave *Apollo* to understand, that their Academies having good and virtuous Foundations, their Scholars the first Year were assiduous at their Lectures, Disputations and Exercises; but in a short Time they were languid and faint, and their Ardor for Improvement in Knowledge went out: And, as at first, they flourish'd in Fame, and were equally the Resort of private Men and Princes, in Time they were abandon'd, contemn'd, look'd upon as more dangerous than useful; and often

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prohibited, as prejudicial even to Learning itself: And as the Remedies apply'd were unsuccessful, the *Italian Academies*, devoted entirely to his Majesty's Interests, made their humble Recourse to him to redress these Evils. The Commissioners were receiv'd with Distinction by *Apollo*, and by him remitted to the Reformers of Learning, whom these Gentlemen found extremely engaged in their usual Employ, *di far delle lancie fusi*, of doing nothing; and excus'd themselves, as not having Time for other Affairs. The Commissioners return'd to *Apollo*, and he transmitted them to his privy Cabinet, where this Matter being fairly debated on either Side, they came to this Resolution; That *omnia orta occident, aucta senescunt*: ALL THINGS HAVE THEIR RISE, PROGRESS AND DECAY. The sprucest Pair of Shoes, in Time, will open into Gaps, and look ill favour'd. That therefore the *Literati* in those Universities shou'd bring Things back to their first Institution, and invent new Regulations to save their Credit and their Honour; that the World might not be fill'd with Academies, and be at the same Time empty of Learning.

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## O B S E R V A T I O N S .

THEY who have never been at *Parnassus* are very apt to despise the Beauty of that Place, and to value a Share in the *New River* or *York Buildings* more than all the Waters of *Helicon*: And nothing is more common, than for the most ignorant and contemptible of Mankind to ridicule the Transplantations from *Parnassus*, our Universities in *England*. I shall here shew how the Universities may be corrupted; and that ours are preferable to all Abroad, and in most Respects the only Seminaries of true Learning.

As I call that a fine Country where the Prospect is most extensive, and fills the Eye with the greatest Variety of natural Objects, so I define Education to be more or less polite, the more unconfi'd it is, and the larger Scope it gives to Reason, and extends the Field of Fancy with a beautiful Variety of fine Representations.

I shall exclude Religious Controversy from this Differtation, because it is to be taken for granted, Universities must take the Impression of Establishments, and proceed.

It is very proper to keep Students within Bounds of Colleges, Walks and Gardens; and our Statutes, tho' unhappily slighted, are calculated for that End: And the Reason is perfectly good, that they may not fetch in Vices and ill Habits from the World: But you must not lay a Restraint of the like Nature upon their Understandings; for, it is not a Place to plant Dwarf-Trees in, but to let every Tree have free Scope to grow up into Strainers, or to spread its Branches, and bear lasting Fruit: If therefore, you bind down Reason



son to any thing less than Mathematical Certainty, or Divine Revelation, the Understanding cast into that Mold will come out narrow, conceited, and in a great measure ignorant.

For this Reason, the School-Learning has had very ill Effects upon the Behaviour of Men in the World, as well as upon their Understandings: *Aristotle*, the worst Philosopher, tho' the best Critick of any Age, is the Father of this Scheme; he had not one clear Notion in Philosophy, nor more Insight into Nature than into a Millstone: He made a new philosophical Language of his own, that belong'd to no Sense of Things; and this join'd with some Christian *Positivisms*, form'd numerous Distinctions, from whence it appears, Dispute is divisible in infinitum. *Aristotle* was the supream Sovereign of the large Empire of the Understanding, and it was terrible to be suspected of Disaffection to him: The *Inquisition* was his Secretary's Office, and Burning his Punishment for High-Treason; and Death, that stops the Life and Reign of temporal Princes, cou'd not intervene to stop the Eternity of his Tyranny.

He had his little Officers of Tyranny, worse than Masters of Colleges, Moderators and Proctors; and all the Ministers and Helps to Reason prov'd Masters, when they ought to be subservient: His Definitions, by being allow'd to be standing and incontestable ones, obscur'd, by their want of Clearness in themselves, every thing they adher'd to, and prevented all Improvement; his Divisions parcel'd out Things according to the Measure of his own Understanding; and by Prescription, claim'd a Right to keep their Places, and make others divide in the same Manner. In short, Learning can make no Progress beyond one Man's Understanding, if we are to form our own Definition, Axioms and Conclusions by his, a fatal Method of enslaving the Mind.

Experimental Philosophy open'd the Way to subvert the Reign of this Monarch; for, when his Axioms and Conclusions were contradicted by plain Matters of Fact, his Credit fell; and with that, by Degrees, in *England*, all the Idolatry and Worship we paid to the departed Hero fell with him.

When Sir *Isaac Newton* found out that Colour was not in the Bodies themselves, by Experiments and Facts, one great Pillar of the *Aristotelian* Building gave Way: And when *Copernicus* began, and succeeding Demonstrations prov'd, that the Earth was not fix'd in the Centre of the World, his asserting that it did, broke his Credit so much, that if the Papal Power had not interven'd, by prosecuting *Galileo* almost to the Devil for settling the World right, he had fell to the Ground then; and when, by the Parallax of the Earth's annual Orbit, its Motion was undeniably establish'd, away went the Infallibility of this great Philosopher again. The *Pythagoreans* indeed held the Motion of the Earth before *Aristotle*, as he observes, *de celo*, l. 2. c. 13. but we find different Schemes of that Motion, if we consult *Plutarch de plac. Philos.* l. 4. c. 13. *Philolaus* made an Orb for the Earth to move round, *Heraclius Ponticus* and *Euphrantus* turn'd it only round its Center, to give the Vicissitude of Day and Night.

I need not multiply Instances in this Place; *Aristotle* says Light is in Bodies as Flame in the Air, and Fire in a Coal. *Thomas Aquinas* says, he deliver'd it only as a probable Opinion; and that Light is not a Body, nor inherent with a Substance as a Body. We find here, that what *Aristotle* positively deliver'd as his own Determination, wou'd have pass'd without Contradiction, see p. 1. q. 67.



a. 2. I say, that an implicit Obedience to any other than Mathematical Axioms, is freezing the Enquiry into Truth; and that no Establishments ought to take Place in the Commonwealth of Learning: Liberty of Understanding is what Tyrants do not pretend to take away; and therefore, our Universities in *England*, so far as they impose nothing of that Nature in Philosophy, Metaphysics and Logick, theirs is the most liberal Education in the World.

And tho' *Sir Isaac Newton*, by Prescription, has been advanc'd into a Kind Sovereignty, he is accountable to Truth, and may be depos'd in the publick Schools.

I wou'd therefore ask some Gentlemen, who decry our Universities as a narrow and pedanick Education, that they were either never there, or at least, took no Learning of the Place when they were there; or they are secret Enemies to Christianity.

For, as to Freedom of Reason, I never cou'd find any Check thereon; it is never criminal to dispute, and consequently, never criminal to reason: And as to Books, we have no *Index Expurgatorius*. I have seen Deism, Socinianism and Popery make a free Entrance there, and return without any Conquests; whereas, if they had been forbid, humane Nature is more eager and furious for those Restraints.

I shall here by the by observe, that the Vulgar will be very unable to defend themselves against Attacks, and Scholars worse able to write, if they read only one Side of the Question: For, as Governments the most arbitrary and tyrannical are most subject to Revolutions, so in Countries, where the Priest is too powerful, People run fastest into a Change, by whatever Name it is call'd; and extream Tyranny either changes into something very nearly like itself, or into the other Extream of too much Liberty.

To return, the End of Academical Institution is to make Part of a fine Gentleman; there are other finishing Accomplishments to be left to himself, and to the World: I shall consider distinctly all three.

I desire the Reader to observe, I make no Difference between the Gentleman of Estate and the Clergyman; Politeness will fit one as well as the other; only in the latter it is more universally useful, because his Example and Behaviour has more Eyes, more severe Inquisitions upon him; and his Profession is to work upon Men.

The first Qualification for a fine Gentleman is to reason well, and to converse without Pedantry: In Learning the artificial, and in Reason the natural Genius shines forth; tho' they both are mutual Helps. The natural Genius will distinguish better than the Scholar; and a clear Stream of reasoning, that only murmurs, and does not roar over the Pebbles of Opposition, is like the Margin of the *Thames* coming up, or falling down with the Tide, harmonious, but not noisy: And to speak with *Sir John Denham*, *strong without Rage, and without overflowing full*. The common Way of disputing is to me odious, and insupportable; I will never quarrel with a Man who says his own Children are pretty; nor will I dispute with a Man who thinks his own Notions the finest: For, Conceit is a rank Weed in the Mind, it runs to Seed, and scatters a succeeding Harvest of Errors, and grows up where Truth dare not shew its little tender Heads.

Our Helps for Reason in our Universities are like Crutches; they are contriv'd to supply Defects, but are not essential to our Beings: Whereas, abroad they



they are made Legs: They are attach'd to the Subject for ever, whose Help only they ought to be. We are not Slaves to a Definition in *Burgerdicius*, nor to his Method; and we may lay him aside, when our Understandings are enlarged enough for Mr. *Locke*: And even with him we deal only as upon a Consultation of Physicians; we take him for the Dissemper for which he is good: We do not allow him for a general Metaphysician, a general Logician, or a general Philosopher. In some Things he is very good; but we swallow down no Axiom, no Definition of his implicitly.

For, there are a great many of those Axioms that look like the First-fruits of reasoning; that ripen, like Medlars, till they rot upon the Trees. Dr. *Clark* is a very extraordinary Man for these Things, in his *Scripture Doctrine of the Trinity*; and in his Book of the *Being and Attributes of God*, he has axiom'd his Reader, if he has not a great Care, into a Circle. For this Reason, upon my representing to *Apollo*, I was enshar'd, and had my Understanding pick'd by Dr. *Clark*; and that I was knock'd down by Mr. *Whiston*: He has issu'd out an Order, that no Beggar shall stroll about *Parnassus*; that Highway-men shall be executed without Mercy; and that Mr. *Locke* shou'd not wear a Vizor, he being strongly suspected to belong to an ill Gang: And that he kept Shop at *Parnassus* in the Day-time, and robb'd in the Night.

To return, this Art of Reasoning is not only for Ostentation in Company, or for Theory and Contemplation; but is of practical Use: For, I define a fine Gentleman to be one endu'd with all the proper Qualifications of Knowledge, and of Understanding what to practise; by these he is made useful to his Country, and fills the Station of Life with Honour and Glory. And of what Use reasoning well is to the practical Life, I shall presently shew.

If a Man does not reason well, no Life that he most fondly chuses will be otherwise than a Snare to him; at the Court, he will be a Tool to a corrupt Minister; he will slip out of his Estate into a Place; and when he can rise no higher, he will be beat down from that Step, and be a Beggar. You may often see these Ghosts in St. *George's* Fields, these Souls of departed bamboozled Statesmen of the second and third Rate, who have mis'd their Steps, and been turn'd backwards to learn a new Lesson of Repentance.

Without Reason, Gentlemen believe Memorials, Declarations, and Proclamations of Statesmen; and sincerely concur with false and insincere Men, who, when they have gain'd their Ends, carry Simplicity and Honour in their triumphal Chariots, the Derision and Sport of the Populace.

By Reason, they find out what true Liberty is; and by Experience, they know who design, under the specious Pretence thereof, to oppress: So that, in short, they are neither led into Court-Measures, like Asses, nor driven into Rebellion like Sheep.

If they fix upon a Country-Life, they have a true Taste of the Pleasures attending the same; if they are betray'd into good Company, and fall into too much drinking, it proceeds accidentally from Mellowness of Conversation and Sprightliness of Wit: They do not fall to it like Swine, and previously resolve to be Bruised before they sit down: If they hunt, they consider and taste the Beauties of the Country, the Exercise of riding, the Paintings of Nature, and the Relaxation of the Spirits from the Fatigue of thinking. They do not make Inroads, like *Tartars*, and declare an eternal War against a Species that always runs away.



I lay it therefore down as a Maxim, tho' I do not impose it on the World, that Reasoning is the Temperature of Life betwixt two Extrems: But to proceed.

Our beginning our Academical Studies with *Burgerdicius*, and reading him at Lectures raw and indigested, is a Method, I grant, too low and pedanick: So that the first Year I give over, as being like the Institution of a Horse-Academy; it is to beget a Habit, strengthen the Loins, and prepare the Student for more practical and useful Airs.

But our Method of laying a good Foundation of Mathematicks and free Philosophy is admirably good. I am very confident, no Man can reason well who does not understand, at least, the first Book of *Euclid*; and he will reason much better with the second: It brings the Mind into a Habit of drawing Consequences, making Axioms, and contemplating Definitions; and is indeed the most beautiful Way of reasoning itself, provided we do not too arbitrarily insist upon our Axioms, nor be fond of our own Definitions: For, Definitions in themselves are only the Reports of Ideas; and if the Ideas are not clear, the Definitions will partake of Obscurity, like the Copy of a shaded Picture.

This Logick I am therefore an intire Friend to; and whatever Notions Mr. *Hobbes* fell into in his *Leviathan*, his Definitions in his Book *de Homine* will stand the Test of Ages.

Our Study of Philosophy, a Study much improv'd from Metaphysick Quidities into Rationality, gives the Mind a great Satisfaction, and moreover, implants in Youth the Notion, and firmest Belief of a Deity: And the clearer and more improv'd the Notions of Philosophy are, the more Proofs of the Being of a God shine forth; by finding all the heavenly Bodies move in a regular Manner, according to the Laws of Attraction and Gravitation. From these Considerations the Power of God undeniably flows.

I have mention'd these previous Studies, that mold and form the Understanding, and come now to polite Learning.

The *Greek* and *Roman* Historians, Philologists, and Poets, are the Materials for this Sort of Learning; and as they are equally encouraged with other Studies, what is less wanting, as to the Notions of a Commonwealth, the greatest Sentiments of Love for our Country, Justice and Virtue, than there? Is not the Mind, when young, form'd up into true Heroism? Those Sentiments get Strength with our Nourishment, and produce the true Robustness of Honour and Integrity.

These are the Helps we have from Education; but if there are inward Defects in our selves, the Blossoms of our Parents Hopes are blown away. If there is Vice in the Soul uncur'd, and unexterminated, the noble Part of Education will never take Place; for, Education is like Seed thrown upon several Sorts of Ground, on some it never springs, on others it is choak'd up by Vice. The finest Notions that adorn the Mind, are obscur'd by a Kind of Rust, that clogs the Springs of Thought, and makes a Man of seeming good Sense move very heavily in the active Part of Life: And thus you may see in the present Age, the Classics are the darling Studies thereof, read by Parricides, without any trembling for the *Tarpeian* Rock. And you find the Number of Parrisors so very few, to keep up an equal



Pace with the Sentiments of those polite Ages, that it is as wonderful to see a practical Patriot, as a practical Scarf. And in Mr. *Hobbes's* Time, as he observes, the Gentlemen, by reading, and false applying the Classics, were corrupted into very destructive Notions to the Peace of their Country.

Nothing can be expected from Academical Institutions more than Books and Speculations: A Knowledge of the World is very necessary for a practical Life; Academical Notions will not fit a Court, nor direct your Feet untrouch'd amongst Vipers, Addars and Snakes.

Yet our Universities are blam'd by some for their Narrowness of Education; and Satire has been pointed upon our Cizars and Servitors; nor reflecting, there are splendid Servitors in the World, against whom my Stomach does more effectually rise, than against a poor Scholar struggling with Want, and enriching his Mind, to make a distinguish'd Figure through all the Obstructions of a narrow humble Fortune. Humility is what we teach, and profess; and the God of Heaven may have as good an Ambassador from that Set of Men, as are sent Abroad in these Days to the Courts of Princes.

Poverty, without Want, was never an Enemy, but a Nurse to Virtue; in the World, indeed, it depresses, enervates, and overthrows a Genius: But in Collegiate Retirements it is otherwise; Custom secures its Voraries from Contempt; it's a State of Melioration for the Mind. Tho' I am inform'd new Customs are creeping in, that deviate very much from the Strictness in my Time; they are more intent upon modern Fashions than modern Languages. I prefaged a Fall to our ancient Discipline, when Wiggs first entered and took Place of native Hair; when the Doctors drank Tea with the Ladies, and turn'd their Theatres into Lodges. I design to visit both our Universities, and stay there about a Week, and see what Changes are made in those, formerly, venerable Repositories of Virtue and Learning, and send an Account thereof to *Menante*, to represent the same to *Apollo*.

To return: I am now vindicating our Education there, as to the Studies we pursue: And from what I have seen Abroad, our Knowledge is more extensive and diffusive than any of our Neighbours; more than Honesty, Learning and Integrity, we cannot carry away: And if we look like Fools in Courts till we are shaken and hustled between Knaves a little while; we don't come there too old to learn Habits; and often I am afraid their Food assimilates into our Blood too soon.

But after all, the whole World is a general College, and our Universities are only Partitions in that College for Learning and good Principles: In the latter we learn extream Veneration for Princes, and Passive Obedience: In the World we learn to temper that Doctrine with some Notions of Liberty, and to cast up Intrenchments against over-grown Power. As to myself, I have been fourteen Years in the World; and though I have relinquish'd no strict Principles since I came into the same; by dear Experience I have found the Taste of the Sweets of Liberty, and of Laws. I admire the *English* Constitution; but whenever it is boarded and taken by Rovers, the same Winds serve to fill the Sails as before; and you equally see the Glitterings of the Stern and all the outside Garnitures of a splendid Vessel; yet it will be row'd by Slaves, blown by the Winds, and directed by Knaves.

I have



## 66 A D V I C E S from P A R N A S S U S.

I have often survey'd the large University of the World, and compar'd it with our own. I find, in a College, the *Servitors* are really the most free of any Order there: For, they take no Money, as we do in the World; and no Corruption begins in that disinterested Body. But in the World, the Pensioner and Servitor are one and the same, and go through all the Services of that universal College; even to empty Houses-of-Office and Jakes. I am surpriz'd, that Gentlemen, who live independantly, and spend only their own Money, shou'd affect to be call'd *Pensioners*. I am told it has given great Offence to *Apello*; who, upon *Menant's* Complaint, has issu'd out the following ORDER at *Parnassus*, by Consent of Council.

Resolved,

‘ THAT the Word *Pensioner*, being promiscuously and abusively apply'd in *France*, *England* and *Scotland*, to Freemen and Slaves alike; We do hereby order and command, That for the future, those Words shall not be promiscuously us'd, but apply'd only to Slaves: That Gentlemen, who pay for their Board, either Abroad, or in College, shall not be upon a Level with Servitors, Slaves and Pimps, who live upon the publick Expence, and dine every Day out of *Four Shillings in the Pound*, Contributions of Victuallers, Hop-Merchants, and Tallow-Chandlers: And that the latter may be Knights of any Order, but shall not be esteem'd Gentlemen, or be capable of Immortality at *Parnassus*.

A P O L L O.

## A D V I C E XV.

### Seneca's Defence.

TO the great Surprize of the *Literati* in *Parnassus*, last Night, his Majesty's Chief Favourite, and the Darling of the Philosophers, *Seneca*, was taken into Custody. Various Speculations were form'd upon this surprizing Event: Some suspected his Administration under *Nero* was to pass a strict Examination, by what Means, or by what Philosophy, in the short Time of his Ministry, under that Prince, he had acquir'd *Seven Millions and a Half*, and contradicted his most solemn Professions of Poverty, and Moderation in his Writings: And the Scandal was the greater, Historians lay to his Charge, extorting that Wealth from Charitable Legacies, and by squeezing Rich Men: Others said, it was for Adultery with *Agripina*; and the rest, that he was at the Bottom of the *Pisonian* Con-



Conspiracy against *Nero*, and link'd so close to Ambition, as conspire to be Emperor himself: Some did not scruple to say, that *Apollo* was exasperated against him for a Confession *Nero* had made, That the wicked Parricide he had committed was done by *Seneca's* Knowledge, and even Persuasion; not prompted by Love to his Master, but to push him on to the Commission of a Wickedness, to secure his Riches procur'd to his Shame, and his Sovereign's Ruin. *Seneca*, upon Examination found, that he was not alone in this Prosecution, but all the moral Philosophers were under the same Charge, of being equally involv'd in one common and scandalous Imputation of being vindictive and ungrateful. *Seneca* confessed the same, and pleaded the Charge was not criminal, inasmuch as their Goodness only thereby did more evidently appear: For, as good Men are never the Aggressors, the Impressions of Injuries upon them were more strong and vigorous; nothing being more common in the World, than not to know how to pardon Injuries, when there was no conscious Guilt in receiving them, and no Sense of having deserv'd such Usage: And as to Ingratitude, the common Payment of Philosophers to their Benefactors, it was no Asinine Disposition, as was vulgarly given out, but a Mark of Candour and Greatness of Soul; for, Philosophers in all their Actions being guided by the Rules of Prudence and Caution, they naturally distinguish'd the Gifts of God from the Bounties of Men; and made little or no Acknowledgments to the last.

## OBSERVATIONS.

**T**HIS Advice of *Boccalini* is an admirable Comment upon the two Proverbs, *Barba non facit Philosophum, Cucullus non facit Monachum*: A Beard does not make a Philosopher, nor a Coule a Monk: And therefore Habits and Formalities, contriv'd to procure outward Adoration, are Baits for Fools; for all Idols are supported by the Worship of Fools. Idolatry first began with Admiration, and there it will end.

I have had, and have been blest'd with Opportunities of seeing the Masquerade-Habits in Church and State. Hypocrity keeps her Warehouse at *Parnassus*; and I have seen very grave Men come there for Suits of a very odd and distant Nature from their inward Way of thinking.

*Seneca* was one of those Gentlemen who has impos'd very much upon the World; nay, he was equally demure at *Parnassus*. *Menante* told *Apollo*, That one Day of the Year, at least, the *Literati* might be oblig'd in the great *Salle* of *Helicon*, to appear in a plain natural Dress before *Apollo*; their Writings giving only false Informations of the Authors. *Apollo*, for Curiosity, appointed  
the



the First of *April*, out of Honour to the *Englishs*, who were likely to make the greatest Part of the Appearance that Day.

The first Gentleman who address'd *Apollo*, was a fierce General with a Torch in his Hand, like a Fury, just about to set Fire to the Imperial Palace. *Apollo* ask'd who that Mad-man was, broke into *Parnassus* from some *Lazarre* of Lunatics? *Menante* told him, this was the Reverend Pious Cardinal *Amboise*, who kneels upon a Cushion with his Eyes lifted up to Heaven, in the great Church at *Rouen*: Upon a private Pique against the Republick of *Venice*, he conjur'd up all the great Powers in *Europe* to form the cursed League of *Cambray*, to lay that admirable Scheme of humane Perfection in the Dust; that glorious Government, where only the *Roman* Spirit has retreated for Shelter: Where Greatness without private Views, and a sincere Love for their Country are only to be found.

A *Flamen* made his Appearance without his Pontifical Robes, with a Fox's Tail, a Pair of Cat's Eyes in his Head, and a Sacrificing-Knife in his Hand. That's the *Flamen*, says *Menante*, that wou'd go 500 Leagues to see an honest Man; his Tail and Eyes shew that he has only Cunning to devour: He will sink the Vessel at the Mouth of the Haven, rather than another shall share in any Praise and Merit except himself. With that Knife in his Hand he sacrifices to something else except Religion; and with all his Pride, he swoops to Crimes of the lowest Nature. This shews that Vice and Virtue are incompatible in one Breast.

Cardinal *Richlieu* address'd *Apollo*, with a great King in his Arms sucking at his Breasts like a Baby and a Changeling. *Menante* told *Apollo*, that King was one of those over-grown Children, who out of Prison cometh to reign, and in a Prison carries on the Shadow and Form of Government, labouring under two Confinements, being narrow'd in Understanding and in Power at the same Time.

Such Kings as these give Occasion to the *English* Proverb, of going nine Miles to suck a Bull. It being equivalent as to any Strength or Nourishment they get thereby: And Princes very often, by sucking in this Manner, pine away into Shadows and Skeletons, and lose the Use of their Limbs and their Eyes to the Day of their Death. *Apollo* was surpriz'd to see such a dwindled Offspring of *Henry the Great*, and ask'd *Menante*, if *Richlieu* took him in his Arms out of Loyalty? No, says *Menante*, he was naturally strong enough to walk alone; he has been spoil'd by Art, and the Witchcraft of these State-Magicians. Your Majesty never saw a finer Personage, nor a more compleat Gentleman, than *Charles II.* of *England*, till he was so weakened by this sucking, that he let drop two of the finest Towns in the World out of his Hands, *Dunquerk* and *Tangier*; and his unfortunate Brother cou'd hold nothing except Religion.

Is this the *Richlieu*, says *Apollo*, who demanded Entrance into our Court for his Controversial Writings? Yes, says *Menante*, he came poor and wan to the Gates, and was sent back again; how strong, how vigorous he is now with that Monarch in his Arms! he makes him curse his own Mother, and the Bishop's principal Benefactress! Perhaps, says *Apollo*, in Controversy he spoil'd Speculation, and in Politicks practical Morality.

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## N O T E S.

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**A**S to the Charge against *Seneca*, I refer the Reader to *Tacit. Ann. lib. 13. c. 42.* and *l. 14. c. 7. to Dion Cassius, l. 62.* The latter is by no Means favourable to him.



1505/93(4)

# ADVICES

FROM

PARNASUS.

By TRAJANO BOCCALINI.

Translated from the ITALIAN.

WITH

Observations, Reflections, and Notes.

By Mr. EARBERRY.

NUMB. IV.

For the Month of June, 1727.

*Nemo hoc in Parvis pressior, in Temperatis ornatior, in magnis sublimior, Nemo Judicem acutius docuit, delectavit jucundius, incitavit ardentius.*  
Naugeri Epist. ad Leo. X.

L O N D O N:

Printed for the EDITOR. MDCCXXVII.



# P R O P O S A L S.

- I. **I**T shall be continued in the same Manner as it was begun.
  - II. They who have subscrib'd or paid for the preceding ones shall be upon the Foot with Subscribers, and have each Book for One Shilling.
  - III. The publishing Price for single Books only is One Shilling and Six Pence.
  - IV. The Large Paper is One Guinea, as before, and shall be accounted for in the whole.
- Subscriptions are taken, or Books may be had, at Mr. *Andrew Cockburn's*, Hofter, over-against the *Mewe-Gate*, near *Charing-Cross*.

## C O N T E N T S of the Four first B O O K S.

- Advice I. The political Warehouse at *Parnassus*.  
 Observat. A Description of several Instruments there.
- Advice II. A Poet seiz'd with a Pack of Cards in his Pocket.  
 Observat. Admirable Instructions in the Game at Whisk.
- Advice III. *Apollo's* Concern for the Assassination of *Henry IV*.  
 Observat. From what Principles Assassinations flow.
- Advice IV. The ugly Front of *Seneca's* House.  
 Observat. Description of the House of Wisdom.
- Advice V. A Debate concerning the Republick of *Venice*.  
 Observat. In what Manner all Governments may crumble into nothing.
- Advice VI. *A Laconick* punish'd for using too much Brevity.  
 Observat. *Guicciardine* censur'd.
- Advice VII. One of the *Literati* punish'd for being delighted with *Italian*.  
 Observat. The *English* Taste consider'd that Way. (*lian* Songs.)
- Advice VIII. *Apollo's* golden As, and *Plautus's Asinaria* complain to *Apollo*.  
 Observat. National Ases have no Right to complain.
- Advice IX. The Harvest of the *Literati*.  
 Observat. The Manner of cultivating Authors Brains.
- Advice X. *Menante's* Visit to the political Warehouse at *Parnassus*.  
 Observat. More Discoveries there.
- Advice XI. *Fidelity* departs from *Parnassus*, and is found in a Dog-  
 Observat. Description of the Palace of *Fidelity*. (Kennel.)
- Advice XII. A Musick-Master admitted to Immortality.  
 Observat. The Manner in which Ministers of State break their Necks.
- Advice XIII. *John Francis Peranda* his Blindness a great Happiness.  
 Observat. How far a great Minister would go to see an honest Man.
- Advice XIV. The Corruption of the *Italian* Academies.  
 Observat. Vindication of our Universities in *England*.
- Advice XV. *Seneca's* Defence.  
 Observat. *Apollo* orders a Cavalcade of Hypocrites:
- Advice XVI. Ambassadors sent from the College of Gardeners to *Apollo*.  
 Observat. Description of a Standing Army.
- Advice XVII. Reflections upon the Knowledge of the World.  
 Observat. The admirable Life of Proverbs to Ministers of State.
- Advice XVIII. The *Hircanian* Embassy to *Apollo*, Whether it be *luseful* to kill a Tyrant?
- Observat. Hardships Princes undergo more than private Men.
- Advice XIX. *Nero's* Munificence to *Tacitus*.  
 Observat. Princes often Servants to their own Servants.
- Advice XX. The *Virtuoss's* Procession to avert a political Plague.  
 Observat. The Symptoms of that pestilential Distemper.





ADVICE XVI.

*Ambassadors sent from the College of Gardeners  
to APOLLO.*

**A**mbassadors from all the Gardeners in the World came to Court, and complained to his Majesty, That, by a Fatality in their Soil, or by the evil Influence of the Stars, the Weeds overpowered all their Care in extirpating that officious Offspring; that they must either abandon their Gardens entirely, or raise the Prices of their Gourds and Cabages, unless his Majesty would afford them some Instrument to root out their Enemies with more Ease, and less Expence. *Apollo* was surpris'd at this unreasonable Request, and in a Fit of Indignation, told the Ambassadors, their common Hand-Instruments and Mattocks might serve their Turns.

The Ambassadors with Spirit enough reply'd, They made this Demand, upon observing that his Majesty had given Princes the Privilege of weeding their Dominions, and purging the Soil of all useless and seditious Plants, springing up to the Grief of honest Men, with the Sound of Drum and Trumpet, whose melodious Musick was generally follow'd by Mallows, Henbane, Mercury, and other useles, or pernicious Plants, to make Room for Lettice, Pimpernel, Sorril, and other Herbs, beneficial to Citizens and Artificers, by departing from their native Seats, and withering far from home: And therefore the Gardeners would esteem it a great Happiness, to have an Instrument of the like Efficacy for their Benefit, if his Majesty would be pleas'd to grant the same. *Apollo* answer'd, If Princes could as easily distinguish ill Men by their Looks, as Gardeners know Spinage and Lettice from Nettles and Mercury, those Princes would have no other Instruments than Halters and Axes to answer their Ends of Government, and to extirpate the useles Issue of luxuriant Fecundity, that brought neither Food nor Glory to the Master of the Soil, but as Men were made after such a Manner that you cannot come at their inward Qualities by the Colour of their Leaves, nor by their Stalk; to know a good Man from a

U

Knave,



## 70 A D V I C E S from P A R N A S S U S.

Knave, to save the Gallows a too laborious Fatigue, or from taking perhaps, a too undistinguish'd Range, Princes had Drums and Trumpets allow'd to carry off all those who were not worthy to live, or were very careless of dying. The Ambassadors were ready for a Reply, when *Apollo* with Indignation commanded Silence, and enjoin'd their speedy Departure from *Parnassus*; for it was equally impertinent and ridiculous, to pretend to weed the World of wicked Men, as effectually as noxious Herbs are extirpated from a Garden.

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## O B S E R V A T I O N S.

**I** Look upon Mankind in general, as the casual Plantation of an uncultivated Wilderness; a great many stubborn Oaks must be fell'd, Mosses drain'd, the Weeds and Flowers separated, before you can form a Garden beautiful to the Eye, or useful to the Proprietor. Once I formed a Garden from a Wilderness, after the Model I wish'd the World to be fram'd; I gave the tallest Trees their proper Situation for Ornament, and the lowest for Shade; and when I saw a Weed of Merit snug its Head behind a forward Nettle for Modesty, I improved its simple Colours, if they were strong and natural, and promised well, into a Flower of Preference, variegated into additional Strokes and Touches of Art: So that in my Garden Merit was always in the Bloom, and Luxuriancy of any Kind was retrench'd.

It was my Fortune to be called out from these sweet Retreats into a tempestuous World, where I was look'd upon as a Weed myself, for I had neither 'smell nor Taste for a vicious and corrupted Age, and was trampled upon by very ignominious Plants, to whom I wou'd not have given a Place upon my Dunghill at home.

If I had had the Government of this Wilderness, no mechanical Instrument wou'd clear my Way, or make me one pleasant Walk therein; for Poison shed from every Bough over my Head, and Vipers crept unseen thro' the Grass under my Feet, that when I expected Firmness from below, or a Shelter from above, I was sure to be betray'd.

There are two different Motives that betray Men into the World, and then leave them in the Lurch; Ambition, and a publick Spirit; by the first you are led over continual Snares, and find no Rest to the Feet, nor Happiness to the Mind; and the latter leaves a Man often alone, upon a Breach, the Laughter of Fools, and the Sport of Knaves: for all the Forces Merit can bring up of Virtue, Constancy and Patience, will never put those Knaves out of Countenance, or make them stir one Step to give the great Man Elbow-Room; Crowds are always before him, round about his Prince, and he goes off the Stage the Contempt of the present Age, and the Admiration of the succeeding one.

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We must therefore, use other Instruments than mechanical ones to correct Mankind, and other Means to pluck up the bad.

A Standing Army with Trumpet and with Drum call together a great many vicious Weeds, the Sun-flower, the Poppy, the Toads-cap, and the Mushroom, take their Posts at the Head of every Rank and File; and when they are called abroad to be knock'd o'the Head, a Nation has no very great Loss of them, nor of their Seed; but when they are planted in every Town, and shake their Heads, and scatter a vicious Offspring wherever they come, they are worse than before they were collected together.

I call therefore a Standing Army, a Collection of all the venomous Growths in a Country, regularly disciplin'd to sow Vice over a Country first, and Slavery afterwards; if all Mankind indeed had the same Qualifications as Herbs, as Senna purges from one Generation to another, and the Virtues of all physical Plants are transmitted to Posterity, the Children would not be Slaves, and their Fathers free; nor Cowards, and their Ancestors brave.

But in Society there are many useful Members who follow their Employ, yet are afraid of those terrible Appendages to a Standing Army, of Swords and Guns; for this Reason I hate 'em, as declared Enemies to Liberty: they come to Execution at once, and when I see one, I fancy I see my own Countrymen in an actual Declaration of War against the publick Peace.

But alas! a Standing Army does not clear a Kingdom of half the poisonous Plants therein; I shall give the World a short Sketch whom the Trumpet and the Drum call away.

A Man who looks Death in the Face, and does not know one Step of his Journey further, I take for granted seldom has his Brains knock'd out when he comes to an Engagement; and therefore our Universities supply the Army with a great many Subaltern Officers, who being bred up in bad Schools before they come there, are admitted with a great Aversion to Learning; and not caring to make a publick Appearance against a *Thefts*, they run away before they come to that, and had rather face Death than a Moderator. I remember, soon after the Battle of *Tamiers*, a strict Proctor at *Cambridge* discharged a great many, to recruit the broken Army after that bloody Battle: for even those who get over the Fire, and advance with Courage only, and no Learning, to the Foot of the Counterscarp, they generally meet their Fate there, or take Refuge under the Cannon; a Degree is an impennerable Wall they can never break through, or make an Impression upon: You may know these Men by their immoderate Curling and Swearing, and by their Harred to the Clergy; for, as they were never likely to have the *Benefit of the Clergy* to save their Necks, they bear 'em an everlasting Spite; and these are the Men the Church has most to fear.

Another Set of Men are broken Victualers, or Tavern-keepers, who by saving Money enough from the Commissioners of Bankruptcy to buy a Commission, are the best Purveyors a Standing Army has; I have seen 'em advance with two Dragoons to attack a Cupboard with good Success, and make the Cook-maid and Landlord too retreat with great Precipitation. By the same Methods they used to bite their own Customers they oppress the Landlords of the Houses where they lodge, and shew nothing truly military in



in all their Actions, except taking the Keys of the Cellar from the Governor into their own Hands while they are in Possession. I have seen a poor Landlord trembling under their Hands, like a *Catalan* under the Discipline of a *Castilian* after the Storm of *Lerida*: In short, a sudden Conquest upon an Invasion is not half so terrible as the lingering Depredations of a Standing Army in Time of Peace; for, after a Rile of that Nature a Nation may settle, by Degrees, into a Kind of Property, but these are Invasions every Night and every Day upon a People who ought to be free.

Another Set of Men, whom Vice and Debauchery have ruin'd, come there, and make their Summer Campaigns all the Year; for they are in a continual Heat with the Flames of Lust and Debauchery: You may know them two Ways, by their Gait, and their Conversation; they step like Invalids, made so, tho' by Wars of a softer Nature than those of *Mars*; and a March shakes more to Pieces than the Walls of *Belgrade*, because, not only the Motion to very precarious Parts is incommodious, Variety of Plasters, and Variety of Surgeons, are very inconvenient for some scorbutick Humors that attend them: Who can expect these Men will stand firm, if call'd Abroad, who cannot walk firm at Home.

Another Set of Men are well known, by the Name of *Sons of Whores*; they are, I must agree with a noble Lord, the best Blood of the Nation, tho' declared Enemies to hereditary Blood, for Reasons well known; they have no Lands to fight for of their own; they have no Links of Consanguinity, nor Ties of Duty to their Parents, whom perhaps, they never saw in their Lives; and therefore, the best qualified to go upon any Attempt against their Country.

Many more Marks can I give of a Standing Army, by which the Reader may form a Notion, how happy it is for a Kingdom when they are Abroad; for, there they have some Chance to learn Courage and Manners, and at Home they lose both. I saw the glorious Army, when it came from *Flanders*, crown'd with Victories and Lawrels, and cover'd o'er with honourable Wounds: I have seen great Alterations since, and Attacks of another Nature than those of *Lisle* and *Donay*. Inactivity, in a plentiful Country like ours, softens their hard Limbs into Effeminacy, and unmanly Lassitude.

I conclude, a Standing Army is very ineffectual to purge a Nation, any more than a Parliament purges a Nation, when they are sent from their respective Countries and Boroughs, and collected into one Head in *St. Stephen's* Chapel; for, as Humours of all Sorts come to that great Assembly, they often shake their Seeds, and sow, when they come, and when they return back to their Homes: Tho' I do by no Means make a Comparison betwixt a free Parliament and a free Standing Army, I cou'd wish to live to see the first, and that Death may rather close my Eyes than see the last.

To return, as Providence has order'd the Course of this World, the severest Government cannot pluck up all the Knaves in a Country; if it clears three or four Places, even that requires the nicest Care, and the Prince is very happy, if he succeeds therein; let him purge the Court from Flattery, and the Pulpit from Hypocrisy, it is the Work of an Age; for, neither Crops of Loyalty, nor Crops of Piety, will come to any Head of bearing Fruit, where those insinuating Weeds grow: but let a Prince, by all Means, take Care of those Weeds of a winding Nature, that endeavour to insinuate round  
his



his Person ; they do not love his Bark so much as his Sap, nor his Sap for his, but for their own Sakes : Therefore, as Men do not carry infallible Marks to be known by, we must come gradually into a Sense of their inward Qualities ; we may find the Soil they delight and thrive in, and we may see when they rob that Soil of its best Juices, and most natural Moisture, and bear upon their Heads no Return of Fruit ; we may then form a Conjecture, the Plantation will have no Loss by their Removal to the next Dughill.

I was mightily diverted, paying a Visit to *Menante*, in seeing the political Gardens at *Parnassus*. The *Literati* have a particular Spot of Ground upon the Descent of the Mountain that looks towards the Country of each. They have a Green House for *Exoticks*, and a great many Curiosities of an uncommon Nature ; every Species of Plants is call'd by the Name of some Interest, Passion, Humour, or Set of Men of the Country to which the *Literati* belong ; and by a sympathetick Wand, they discover what they really are. *Menante* carried me to the *English* Garden ; I was mightily diverted with the Variety of Speculations, and particularly with a Bed of Tulips. Says *Menante*, I will shew you a very curious Experiment ; we call that Bed of Tulips the Bed of Patriots ; their Professions are, you know, Liberty, Property, Country-party against the Encroachments of a Court, Honour of their Country, and Zeal for Religion, Moderation, Impartiality, and all those Qualities that make Society happy, and a Country truly great. Those are glorious Topicks, says I to *Menante* ; I would swim in Brimstone as soon as live in a Country where Slavery prevails ; I would have my Throat cut before I would compliment a Set of Courtiers with a Mortgage upon my Estate of *Four Shillings* in the Pound, and reduce my Son to keep Hawks, or be a Steward to one of these Court-Companders, without the extreamest Necessity ; I would die ten thousand Deaths before I would set my Hand to tarnish the Honour and Reputation of *England*, and I would live under the *Torrid Zone* without a Hat, or any Covering for my Head, rather than live under the Dominion of persecuting Priests, who should fend for my Soul, if I did not believe just as they did.

Oh ! says *Menante*, stop a while, my sympathetick Wand shall shew more than you imagine ; a Court-Blasf is just coming from the West, see how the Zephyrs play upon each Flower, they carry Poison on their Wings ; the fine Bed of Tulips is no more, one Touch with my Wand makes 'em Poppies ; a Tulip stands here and there, but the Croud are Poppies of all Hues, red, blue and green, tarnish'd by the treacherous Winds ; they are gay, though faded, as the Holly owes its gilded Colours to Corruption. The Tulips, says I, that stand alone seem to make a gallant Shew. The Wind, says *Menante*, has pass'd over them this Touch ; very few stand the second, third, or fourth Invitation, they will be all Poppies at last.

I withdrew, and made this following Reflection in my own Mind, That one Tulip of what Denomination soever that can stand against the Corruption of those Western Winds is worth a whole Garden of treacherous Flowers, and stinking Weeds besides.



## ADVERTISEMENT. XVII.

*Reflections upon the Knowledge of the World.*

**T**HE common Proverb was the other Day brought upon the Carpet, and debated by the *Virtuosi*, *That to know a Man exactly one must eat a Peck of Salt with him. Apollo*, willing to do Justice to the Adages of the Learned, being the Rules and Laws for his Subjects the *Virtuosi* to steer their Lives by, and that they might have the Sanction of publick Authority, and keep thereby an indisputable Ground, he ordered a general Assembly to sit upon them. This Proverb met with so general an Approbation, that some were for adding half a Peck more to the former Quantity, for this very Reason, that the infamous Practice of Diffimulation had been a long Time growing upon the World, and that it was the best Arithmetick to multiply and substract the Remedies, in Proportion to the Corruptions they were to cure, and to stop the instant Efforts thereof; but, out of Respect to the present Age, and not to open the Wounds of Shame and Scandal, and to make the Increase of Vice appear, they resolved to stand by the old Measure, and concluded, that tho' the Rule might be very good with Men, it would not hold with Women, who, without either Salt or Oyl, know the Thoughts of their Husbands the first Night.

## OBSERVATIONS.

**I** Have often admir'd the Usefulness of Proverbs to all Sorts of Men, they convey a vast deal of Knowledge to even the Illiterate, who sometimes, by the Help of them, rise to the highest Posts of Government and Command; they contain Observations short and pithy, confirm'd by the Experience of many Ages, and rooted in the World beyond the Power of Winds, Storms and Tempests, to shake 'em: If Ministers of State, who have



have not the Advantages of Education, who perhaps, were never at any University, and very little at School, would take a few Proverbs in their Way, and charge their Memories with them, they might avoid Abundance of Evils and Dangers they bring upon themselves, and upon the Publick; for Proverbs are the immediate Results of our long and tedious Collections from History: One Proverb tells you all the Men who ever broke their Necks by their Folly; one Proverb will save a whole Nation, and reach Senators Wisdom: I cannot but admire Mr. Ray's Collection of *English* Proverbs, and I wish there were publick Schools instituted to teach and inculcate 'em in the Minds of the People. By the Help of *Tusser* the Farmer grows rich, increases his Granaries, and enlarges his Barns; And why may not a Minister of State hoard up Wisdom to himself, and Happinels to the People? It is because he despises the Wisdom of his Forefathers, and follows Fashions more than good Sense. What admirable Beauty and Instruction there is in this Proverb,

*When the Cat's away,*

*The Mice play.*

This puts me in Mind of a Story; a certain good Man in the Country, who kept a very plentiful House, and for several Years had made it his Endeavour to store it with all manner of Necessaries, committed the Care of every Thing that was eatable to a faithful Cat, whose Ancestors had served the Family from Generation to Generation, and very well known by the Name of the *Bobtail Breed*; for they were distinguished from other Cats in one Particular, in not having any Tails; the Master placed his Confidence in this Race of Cats, and being to take a long Journey, he left the Interest of his House to that Family-Minister.

When the Master was gone, the Cat going to take its Diversion in the Field, by way of surprising a Sparrow, a Pack of Hounds in full Chace, in the very nick of Time, when her Eyes were fix'd upon her Prey, came betwixt the Cat and the House, intercepted her Passage, and made her take for Shelter to the neighbouring Woods; there she liv'd upon the precarious Food of treacherous and inconstant Chance; sometimes she had Victuals, and sometimes none, and was the Sport of every Beast, Beasts, Foxes, and Lyons; sometimes starv'd, and sometimes flatter'd; sometimes hunted, and sometimes carel'd; she pass'd a very uncomfortable Life: and tho' she was a Cat, we may properly say she had a Dog's Life.

The Mice finding the Absence of their Enemy, took Possession of every Corner of the House, appointed Commissioners for the Pantry, entered into an Association with the Rats, and gave the Command of the Cellar to two Rats, who had been formerly poison'd with Ratsbane, and never recover'd their natural Temperature again, and would drink till they were ready to burst: The starv'd Mice, out of Compassion, were made Commissioners of the Pantry, and six Rats were order'd from the Rasters of the Garret to take Possession of the Barn; they had always liv'd upon Cobwebs, and Gnawings of Posts, and were deliciously repass'd with Oats, Pease and Wheat, in this new Situation.

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In the mean Time Management was the least of their Care, because they consum'd more than they brought in; the Tarts and Pyes were ready made to their Hands, they eat and slept in the Caverns and Gaps their Teeth had made; and these were all the outward Signs of Prosperity in the House; a Dog would growl, but that was to no Purpose, and a Parrot sometimes charter with Vexation to see 'em run away with his Nuts; but it was in vain to repine at irresistible Fate. There was an old Turnspit left in the House, who fatten'd under his Labours, blest himself for the slavish Pay of roasting at his Master's Pleasure, and when he had done his Work, spread himself with inglorious Ease before the Fire: this Dog engag'd with the Mice, promis'd to turn the Spit for his new Masters, and to serve 'em as faithfully as he had done others before. Thus went on the Affairs of the House very merrily, only one disconsolate Mouse or two, *Snap* and *Puff* were their Names, were continually teasing the Mice, and upbraiding them for their Remissness in the publick Accompts of the Pantry and the Cellar; *Snap* was always angry at a broad back'd Rat, who came only with Skin and Bones to the Hall, and was grown so fat he hardly could get in at the Barn-door. *Puff* was concerned lest, notwithstanding all their Plenty, Provisions would at last fail. *Snap* was much the honester Mouse, tho' *Puff* pretended to a very publick Spirit, and made a very elaborate Speech to the Mice to this Effect.

*Gentlemen, I was always zealously attached to the Mice, and to the Prosperity of my Country; I am very well satisfied this great House was not made for the Sake of one Man who calls himself (tho' who made him so I cannot tell) our Master, nor for the Sake of his Bobtail Breed of Cats, but for the publick Good of us the Inhabitants of this Place: But Gentlemen, we have no certain Advice the Cat is dead, and if you drop a Cat in the West Indies it has been known to find its Way home again; therefore, resume the publick Care of it. Accompts: A certain Rat has made his Way thro' a Goose-Pye that was designed for another Use; he makes nothing to eat through a whole Stack of Corn: if our Provisions fail, our Case will be extremely bad.*

The Rat answer'd with a great deal of Gravity again, *That his extensive Charity to his Neighbour was made his Crime, and distributing to Beggars his Fault. And so the Matter was hush'd.*

But at length the Mice sending for some Drink to the Cellar, there was none to be had; the Commissioners of the Pantry gave in their Accompts, and brought themselves in Creditors to the Publick for what they had eaten and drank. In short, the Mice in Places were fat, and in good Liking, but the Community fell short of common Necessaries; and, in Time, came to feed upon their first Diet, Boards and Waste-Paper. The Moral of the Story is this,

IT IS VERY UNHAPPY FOR ANY COMMUNITY  
WHEN THE SCOURGE AND TERROR OF  
EVIL MINISTERS IS DRIVEN AWAY.

I only give the Reader this short Specimen of the universal Use of Proverbs: they are despis'd, because they are common; and indeed, it is the Misfortune of Sense to be too common, and therefore, it has been very scur-



vily used by Men of all Ranks. For my Part, I have been in Search of common Sense, common Honour, and common Good-Nature, ever since I came on the publick Stage of Life.

This Proverb, therefore, *That we must eat a Peck of Salt with a Man before we know him*, is an *European* Proverb, and famous in *Italy* as well as *England*: For my Part, the more Salt I eat with a Man the less I like him. Man may very well be compar'd to a Flower, not only as to Duration, but ev'n his Humour, and the whole Conduct of his Life: their Gaiety very much resembles a Flower; in some the Colours lye deep, and with others they just tinge the Superficies; from hence proceed the Difference of Flashes, Wits and Beaus: when the Colours touch the Brain, the World is sometimes diverted with Sprightliness of Wit; and the deeper the Stain sinks in, so Man is intelligibly more gay; but he is a Flower still: while the Humour keeps up he flourishes, and sends forth a pleasant Smell; there is the Poignancy of Wit and the Sweetness of Friendship, that, mix'd together, are very grateful to the Sense; but when this Humour goes off by Accident, by ill Digestion, or flies out with a nasty Belch, or some disagreeable Evacuation, the Gaiety is immediately gone, the Flower hangs down its Head, and all the Juices are in a manner coagulated; he is Poison to his best Friends, and in his Conversation and Gesture appears a very noxious Creature, and sends forth an intolerable Stink.

A certain Doctor, I know in the World, is the most beautiful Flower in all the Garden of *Parnassus*; *Ménante* walking with me in the *English* Garden there, told me *Apollo* ting'd that Flower very deep with his Rays. To what Purpose, says I to *Ménante*, are Flowers? Is he a Blossom? Does he begin with Beauty, and end with lasting Fruit? No, says *Ménante*, he is all Humour, he changes Colour every Hour in the Day; and while you dwell upon his fine Outside with pleasure, you will find him neither firm Stalk, nor delectable Fruit.

I reflected, upon my Return, on this PROVERB, and conceived now aimcur it was to know Mankind, to distinguish Humour from Good-nature, Formality from Friendship, and Compliment from good Breeding; from hence it comes, that a Man endu'd with the latter substantial and good Qualities, reaps from Conversation very ill Turns when he expects good ones, Dereliction in Distress, and Flattery instead of just and impartial Censure.

To know a Man perfectly, you must watch him thro' three or four Stages of his Life, a great many Winds shall blow around him, Storms and Tempests hollow over his Head, without any ill Impression or Effect, yet the last Blast shall tarnish the Verge of Life, and dishonour Old Age.

I have only one Observation to guard against this Inconvenience; never trust a Man, and you always know him: but this is a very harsh and unfociable Rule, I cannot approve it, because there are fine Spirits in the World above Temptation, and dishonourable Practices.

But when we come to the Ladies, *Boccalini* says, they know their Husbands the first Night. This is a falacious Expression, very seldom to be found in his whole Book; for no Man was ever endu'd with the Talent of Wit to so great a Perfection as he was, and ever turn'd that Wit to a nobler End: the Correction of the enormous GIANTS of Oppression AMBITIOUS PRINCES, the retrenching the Superfluities of Learning, and teaching Men Manners: But if the La-



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dies so easily get at the Knowledge of their Husbands, on the contrary Side, the Man may eat 20 Pecks of Salt with them, unless he lays it upon their Tails, before they shall be perfectly known; for, as they are weak in Body, and strong in Passions, that weakens 'em still more: they have a natural Cunning makes full Amends; and a Man need take only Instructions from them to deal with any Court in the Universe. I have watch'd a great many of their domestick Plots, and I have often seen the Husband sit in his Arm'd-Chair by the Fire, with his Eyes half shut, like an Owl at Noon-day with his Face to the Sun, while the active Female is creeping into all the Power and Government of a Family; I have seen the poor Man a Prisoner, like a Prince of State in the Hands of his Ministry, without being able to make one Effort for Honour, or for Liberty: For, the Sex are natural Politicians, the Lover is oblig'd to open all his Folly in his Courtship; the Lady sits watching every Trip of his Tongue; she is privileged from opening her Mouth, and this Reservedness is their Guard and Safety, and our Snare; for, as when Princes carry on their Courtship by Pictures, and *Henry VIII.* was bit in that Manner, instead of a fine Woman, with a *Flanders-Mare*; so private Persons take their Wives only by the Picture, and open their very Entrails to the Fair Sex at the same Time.

So that a Woman is prepar'd for arbitrary Power the first Day she takes the Oath of Allegiance, and she pursues her Steps, either briskly, or slowly, as she finds her Husband a Fool, or a Man of Sense: If he is a Fool, she is extravagantly fond; and if a Man of Sense, she is cross; her Fondness binds down the little Understanding the Fool has to Inactivity, Indolence, and a great Confidence of her Fidelity: If he is a Man of Sense, that Sense must be intoxicated by some Means or other; for Understanding is the surest Guard against Slavery: If I was to advise the Husband, I would bid him have a Care of the female Confidants, and the male Ministers; a Steward is a prime Minister: for this Reason, *Artemona* in *Plautus* became an absolute Tyrant, by keeping the Steward on her Side: Tho' I have known a Family ruin'd, by packing Ministers, who mov'd only by Interest, without natural Affection, betray the Concerns of their Constituents to their own Avarice.

In short, Kingdoms and Families stand the same unhappy Chance when Factions and Divisions prevail; and Ministers are pick'd out more for their Party-Merit than for their Integrity: there is no paternal Love, none of those warm Affections that cherish every soft and tender Sentiment of Humanity; in that Case they punish with the Appetite Beasts of Prey devour; they are as insatiable as Cormorants: And when they have done all the Mischief they can, they prune their Wings upon the mangled Carcasses they have ruin'd.

I would not be understood here to fall upon the whole Sex, but only on the usurping Kind; as to the rest, I am ready to vindicate their Wrongs at all Hazards against any Oppression; for, I am an utter Enemy to Tyranny, wherever it is to be found.



ADVICE XVIII.

*The Hircanian Embassy to APOLLO, upon the Question, Whether it be lawful to kill a Tyrant?*

AMbassadors arrived the 9th Instant from the warlike Nation of the *Hircanians* to our Court, and had a very pompous Audience from his Majesty: The *Virtuosi* crouded to pay their Respects to these renowned Foreigners, and to see the Customs and Habits of that distant Nation. When they came before our Monarch, they made the following SPEECH:

“THAT the great Nation of *Hircania* being miserably oppressed by the Tyranny of their Prince; they, depending upon his Majesty’s Wisdom, had taken that long Step to “*Parnassus*, to know *If it were lawful for the People to destroy a Tyrant?*

It is not possible to imagine, or to express the Indignation of *Apollo* at this Question; nor how his Anger was raised against ev’n the Ambassadors: He gave no Answer, but turning away with a Fury, not suitable to the Dignity and Grandeur of his Character, he gave Command, That, for Terror and Example, the Proposers of that wicked Question should be driven from the publick Hall of Audience. The illustrious Muses, and the College of the *Virtuosi*, were so astonished at this sudden Turn, that they dared not even interceed for the unhappy Criminals. *Apollo*, seeing his beloved Muses, and the *Literati*, in such Confusion, said, “The Exemplariness of the Punishment was not equal to the Scandal of the “Offence; for, it was not lawful even for the People to dispute “upon an Article of that seditious Nature: it was to be kept like  
“Fire



80 *ADVICES from PARNASSUS.*

“ Fire, from their Breasts, and from their Thoughts; for, the very  
 “ Doubt had done more Mischief than the ill-fated Apple of *Pa-*  
*ris.*”

In a Republick the Liberty of canvassing this Question was unnecessary; because, in those Shades of Freedom, the least Suspicion or Jealousy of immoderate Affectation of Power, in any Senator, called for speedy Vengeance and Justice, without bringing this Question upon the Carpet, a Nicety foreign to them, and of the utmost Importance in its own Nature; for, in a Republick, even the Suspicion of a Senator was a Conviction, if there were the least Marks or Signs of Guilt; and, after his being hang’d, the Information and Process at Law follow’d: But in a Monarchy, where the common People are often impos’d upon, in the distinguishing lawful Princes from Tyrants, this Easiness in the People affords Scope to the ambitious, the unquiet, self-interest- and necessitious, to paint Princes in false Colours, to turn the *Scelerates* into lawful Princes, and lawful Princes into Tyrants. To preserve the World from Confusion we ought to follow *Tacitus’s* Rule, *BONOS IMPERATORES VOLEXPETERE, QUALES CUNQUE TOLERARE*, Tacit. Lib. 4 Hist. *To wish for good Princes, and to be contented with the bad.* *Apollo*, out of his innate Goodness, and Inclination to please, rather than distaste, and willing to forgive the just Occasion of Resentment, commanded the Ambassadors to be sent for back; and when they came before him, he said these Words:

“ **B**eloved *Hircanians*, if ye love Peace, *Ferenda Regum Ingenia, nec usui crebras Mutationes*, Tacit. Lib. 12. Annal.  
 “ You must bear the Humour of Kings, and avoid frequent Changes, especially when these Humours proceed from the secret Machinations of Dagger and Poison; for, as GOD is the Searcher of the Hearts of Princes, and the People are carried away by the Arts of seditious Men: *Quomodo Sterilitatem, aut nimios Imbres, & cetera Nature Mala, ita Luxum vel Avaritiam Dominantium tolerare*: You must take up with the Luxury and Avarice of Princes, as you bear with Barrenness, immoderate Rains, and the other Plagues of Nature.



## OBSERVATIONS.

**P**rinces are very unhappy in several Respects above the rest of Mankind; they are always out at Sea to meet every Storm and every Wave of popular Discontent, Fury, and false Representations to their Subjects, who, on the other Side, are safe under Rocks and Shoars, and put out into Tempests and Troubles, only when they please.

The first are call'd to Accompt, and condemn'd in every Club, and every Corner at the *Burse* and the *Forum*, by Whisper, as well as loud Clamours, which are admirably well call'd, by *Boccalini*, the *Machinations of Dagger and Poison*.

Private Men are overturn'd by a Parish or a Borough-Wave, or when a domestick Lye oversets their little Barks, they are gone, and heard of no more.

But Princes have whole Seas of Waves to encounter, and if they do not weather the Storm, but bulge and founder, they carry in their Bottoms the Peace and Prosperity of whole Kingdoms, the Safety of their Friends, and all the natural Endearments of Wives and Children into the Bargain.

I conclude, popular Principles may have a fine Shew; yet, if you break 'em, they are very often full of combustible Matter, and are political Bombs the Terror of the good, as well as of the bad

## N O T E S.

**A**RISTOTLE's Politicks, in my Opinion, ought to be the Standard and Measure of thinking of all Men, who in Society affect not only the Name of *Patriots*, but are really so in their Hearts: that is, who love their Country from a Principle of Duty, and do not, under Pretence thereof, bear hard upon Justice and Loyalty, all which are Virtues proceeding from eternal and immutable Laws. I shall, therefore, extract his Axioms, and draw proper Conclusions from them, till we come to the Sum of all; *That it is not lawful to kill a Tyrant, nor even to debate upon that Question.*

AXIOM I. EVERY SOCIETY IS CONSTITUTED FOR SOME GOOD.

Πᾶσα κοινωνία ἀγαθὸν τινὸς ἐνεκεν συνεστηκυῖα.

The compleat Good of that Society is certainly the main End of constituting the same; nevertheless, Society is a Bank, or Stock of Benefits, in which every Individual has a Propriety and Share; and therefore we must alter his Axiom, and turn it in this Manner, *Every Society is constituted for the just Ends of obtaining some Good*: For, no Man is answerable to any Society or Partnership for more than he receives therefrom; and there.

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therefore, the End of Society is destroy'd, if one Member is depriv'd of his just Rights to the Share and Partnership he is engaged in, although all the rest thrive by the Bargain : For, though Society is, *aggregatim*, the collective Good of perhaps Millions, yet, in Respect to every Individual, it is constituted for every distinct Person's Good, and capital Punishments arise from a Person's exchanging some Part of his Share of Benefits, and having no further Right to demand the same : I therefore lay this down as a Maxim, as no Man can be obliged to forfeit his Share in the Benefit of Society ; Society cannot, under any Pretence of publick Good, deprive him thereof, and at the same Time keep up to the Ends for which that Society was form'd : As for the general Good of Society together, that is only the Means to procure the Good of Individuals, and the Means must not overtop the End.

I would not here have a false Construction put upon my Words. Every Man owes his Country his Life, Safety, and Interest, but all under some Restrictions ; he owes the Hazard of his Life in the Field, and his Safety, when he is called upon to defend that Country from Oppression ; and he owes even his Interest, if the Performance of his Duty, like a powerful and more attractive Charm, draws it after in its Train : Yet no Society can call for unjust and bloody Sacrifices, nor take my Property and Right away in a hostile Manner, without coming into Injustice and Oppression ; for, if I, in a more or less Degree, bring Honour, Safety, and Happiness, to Society, the mutual Returns, by the eternal Laws of Justice, are my Due.

What, therefore, we owe to Society, and what to ourselves, brings in the whole Chain of relative Duties : If Numbers bring me Protection and Defence, I bring them a Proportion of the same ; if they substract that Protection, they are no Society to me : I mean as to answering the Ends thereof. How a Man is to behave in this Case, how close still his Duty follows him under these Hardships, is another Question. I am not now upon any practical, but upon a speculative Point, and conclude, the Ends of Society are not answered, in respect to a single Person, by taking from him the Benefits he may justly claim.

Divine Laws may attach a Man to succour and defend the Society that injures him, and the Good of the World may require it ; but Obedience does not proceed from a naked Compact, nor from the Nature thereof.

Nor does my Question touch upon Mr. Hobbes's *Unalien. le Rights of Nature to resist the Punishments of Society* : For, Punishments are Debts contracted with the Publick, that we justly owe, and must justly pay ; and no Man ought to substract his Life, if he owes the same to his Country.

When we come to take nearer View of Society, the Ends are the same from wheresoever it takes its Source, though the Origin very much imports as to the Duties we owe, or are to pay thereto : For, by the State of Nature Scheme, a naked Compact only for Convenience arises ; and this a Man may never want Pretences to withdraw from : and therefore, GOD has made the Bands of Society more strong : And therefore, as *Aristotle* observes, c. 2. lib. 1. *Societies were under the Government of Kings.*

Διὰ τὸ πρῶτον ἔλα- And he proceeds afterwards to tell us, all Government is οἰκονομικὸν ὑπόλοιπον. economical ; and from hence he says,

Πᾶσα γὰ οἰκία βασιλεύεται ὑπὸ In every House the eldest governs ; and Colο- τῆ Πρόεδρος, ὥς τὴ ἀποικία nies, as Branches of that Family, are liable to διὰ τὴν συγγένειαν. lib. 1. c. 2. the same Subjection : he therefore says, a Village is compounded of so many Families ; and a

Number of those Villages forms a Commonwealth : For, says he, the Perfection of any Thing is the Nature thereof, he forms this Conclusion, that may serve for



AXIOM II. THAT A COMMONWEALTH IS THE END AND PERFECTION OF AGGREGATE FAMILIES PUT TOGETHER.

From hence it appears, according to *Aristotle*, that Society consists of the Union and Alliance of several Families together; and that the main Government must partake of the same Nature with each Family distinctly consider'd by themselves. This is his Hypothesis, and makes Government perfectly hereditary, which in those Days was despotick; for now even most of the Family-Prerogatives are gone off to the Civil Power.

I say, this Hypothesis cements and confirms Society much more than the Notion of meer Compact: it makes Obedience thereto an indispensable Duty. The Government in whose ever Hands it is legally vested, is a Propriety: For, though the End of Society is Utility, every Member has a Share in that Utility; and if you deprive any Person of his Share by Injustice, you destroy the End of Society, as to him: And therefore, as Government is appointed to advance that Utility, the governing Parties have their Share sufficient to answer their own Ends, which they claim as private Men; and they have likewise a Claim to answer the Ends of publick Utility, that every Person may be protected in his just Rights and Properties: For, when the Community suffer, private Men either immediately, or remotely, are affected thereby.

Domestick Right, as it stood in the first Ages of the World, as I have observed before, was despotical, and tyrannical; yet God never created one Man purely for the Sake of another: but this Kind of Government answered the Ends of publick Utility at that Time; for, thereby the World was more effectually peopled: and since the Power reverting to the Head Oeconomist makes Society less slavish, and more tolerable than before; and even that that being divided again with Popularity, creates that Mixture of Government, and a Monarchy temper'd with Laws and Liberties.

From what has been said, the Prince has two Shares in Community; his publick Share calls for the Assistance of every Subject: he governs for all in general, and for every one in particular. So that in no Case are the People made for the Sake of the Prince; nor is the Prince so absolutely made for the People: but, in Justice, he has his Property equally as the meanest Subject; and the governing of the People is his Property, or the Property of some Body of Men in all Societies: This Property is the Gift of GOD, the Fountain of Power; and the End thereof is the Preservation of the World in Peace and Safety. The relative Duty I therefore owe to my Country proceeds from divine Command, and from the Light of Nature, that tells me I owe Life and Fortune to the Support of that Community, under whose Protection I enjoy all the Comforts of Life: This is mutual Benevolence and Gratitude, and works upon every great and generous Breast; and therefore, my Blood and Spirits rise with Detestation at the Sight of a Prisoner, because he sells all these Motives for the meanest Consideration.

From what has been said, the relative Duty to our Country flows; by which we are obliged to sacrifice our own Interests to the promoting the Prince's Endeavours for the publick Good at all Hazards; and a mere Compact ties no Man down so strongly: Whereas, if I meet one Man, or ten thousand Men, and enter into Alliance with them for mutual Support, if they cast me out of that Community, and the Advantages agreed for, they are no Society to me, and answer no Ends of mine; because they have no Property in my Obedience: but the Nature of Government is otherwise, as I have already proved. As to what may be sacrificed to the publick Good, if we put the Case of Men drawing Lots in a Ship who shall be devoured to sustain the rest, and to bring the Ship home again; a Man in that Case has his Chance of Utility in the Hazard, and sells his Life for that Chance; and in so desperate a Case it is a valuable Consideration; but if, without any such Chance, they cast me over-board to make Room, or to lighten the Ship, my Share in the common Cause is intirely gone, and I have an equal Right to give my Neighbour the same favourable Turn; that is, as I take it, nought at all: If the Ship be preserved after I am sunk, no Emolument accrues to me; and if we sink

together.



together I am still in the same Condition; so that the Injustice is evident: for, these extraordinary Rights of Self Preservation are annull'd when they become invasive of other People's Property; and no Man's Convenience shall make him Master of another Man's Life.

The publick Good cannot, therefore, call for unjust Sacrifices; it may command positive Duties attended with Hazards, and it may command a Multitude of our Fortune: and if we die in the Service of our Country, *dulce est decorum est*, it is attended with Glory and Honour: but I can by no Means approve of the Roman *Felo de se's*, nor solemn Murthers, colour'd over with fine Names and Pretensions: For I say, when a Man's Life is unjustly taken away, the Ends of all Society are destroyed, in relation to him.

*Good* is placed after *publick* very often to fill up a Gap, till a successful Oppression and Wickedness takes its Place; and, according to the Variety of Judges of this *publick Good*, the Blunders and Solecisms it makes, appear in different Forms; an over-grown thriving Minister of State shall cheat for the *publick Good*; he has something to preserve of Consequence: While his *private Good* advances, and overtops, the elder Branch sucks up its Moisture, and leaves it to wither and decay. The Mob have their *publick Good* when they are first poison'd with Lies; and, from the Honesty of their Hearts, destroy their best Friends. The Soldier has his *publick Good*, when he fights against the Pantry and the Cellar, or invades the Bed of his next Neighbour; his Livery is the Colour he always puts out when he is pirating upon all that is dear. The Claſſick Patriot is for the *publick Good*, who learns from the Romans fine Words, without understanding their Sense; and, as Mr. *Hobbes* observes, commences, under the Notion of a *Patriot*, a corrupt Rebel.

These are all the Apparitions of the *publick Good* conjur'd up by Knaves; whereas, the true publick Good is an exact and scrupulous Observation of Law and Justice, whether in a Monarchy, or Republick: And to preserve the publick Good by other Means, is like prescribing to the imaginary sick Man in *Moliere*, the cutting off the Left Arm, to make the Right one thrive; and to put out one Eye, to make the Sight of the other more strong and vigorous.

Therefore, Compasses are insufficient to support Society; and God has given a divine Right to Government, and our Governours have a Property in our Obedience: And this Servitude, as *Aristotle* proves, is necessary in Families; and it is equally necessary in a Combination of Families that form Communities: For, he shews, that as it is equally necessary the Body should be governed by the Mind, and Subjection is absolutely necessary in Families, and in Kingdoms: but still Servants, he says, differ from mechanical Instruments: Which brings me to

AXIOM III. A SERVANT IS A RATIONAL, AND NOT A MECHANICAL INSTRUMENT: In other Words, *instrumentum πειθέειν, sed non παίστειν*. See Chap. 4. You are not to make Use of his Head, instead of a Hammer, to drive a Nail; though you may make Use of his Head, to contrive how a Nail may be driven.

There is no such Thing as absolute Slavery in the World: Servitude is, according to our Author, constituted for a good End; and in this End the Servants have their Shares and Claims to Utility; and this proceeds from the Nature of them, the absolute Necessity of Obedience and Government; not that one is to subsist independently of the other: And from hence it consequentially flows, that Subjects are not mechanical Instruments; that they have a Share in the publick Utility, though the Prince has the full Possession of the publick Command: As he says, in his sixth Chapter, *We are to*

ο γι δεσποτῶνς ἐν ἐν τῷ κραταῖαν  
τῶς δούλῶς, ἀλλ' οὐ τῷ Χρησάαν  
δούλῶς. *Ar. pol. lib. I. c. 7.*

*consider a Master, not as to the possessing a Number of Servants, but as using so many, i. e. in applying their Services to the publick Ends for which they serve. I will not ask how many Slaves the King*

*of France* has in his Dominions, but how many Instruments he has of promoting the publick



When we come, therefore, to treat of the Benefits of Society, we must consider that Burthens are attach'd to those Benefits; and no Man who claims Utility must refuse the onerous Parts, that procure and preserve those Benefits to the Body politic: From hence *Aristotle* defines what are communicative, and what incommunicable Claims in the Body politic; Honours and Burthens ought always to go together, for publick Merit is paid by Honour, and all Republicks are more or less flourishing, in Proportion to the Manner of paying their Heroes, and rewarding their Servants; and the more they are paid with Honour, and the less with Money, the more incorrupt Returns that Government will find: *Rome* was never more flourishing than when *mural* Crowns rewarded the Soldiers Toil, instead of Lands, and a Share of the Civil Power: she felt Tyranny and Usurpation from the very Time the Soldier tasted the Sweets of Power and of Wealth: they are the Food that fatten tyrannical Lords and tyrannical Servants.

Private Property is incommunicable, for tho Taxes diminish Part thereof, they are suppos'd to be necessary Expences to preserve the Root of Property still: Wives and Children are incommunicable Goods, because they are the Gifts of Nature.

But as to Government itself, it depends upon the Nature and Constitution of the Government to know whether it is incommunicable or no; for Citizens differ in Number, and in Species: and where the Government is the Property of one distinct Species, Class or Family, it is upon the same Footing with private Property: but where there is no such Property they are all upon a Parity, as they have all a natural and an equal Right to govern, whether Government is a Burthen, or an Advantage; and as all are not capable of governing at the same Time, Vicissitude gives every Man a temporary Possession in a Commonwealth; for whether a Man governs himself, or deposes another by Election, he has his Vicissitude and rightful Turn. From hence proceeds

AXIOM IV. THAT IN ALL COMMON-WEALTHS WHERE A PARITY PREVAILS, ALL HAVE A RIGHT OF VICISSITUDE, THO' ALL CANNOT GOVERN AT THE SAME TIME. And as this Vicissitude diminishes, the Government approaches nearer an Aristocracy, and at the highest to an independant hereditary Monarchy.

Therefore *Aristotle* distinguishes all these Forms of Governments numerically, but not specifically: Which brings me to

AXIOM V. IN ALL GOVERNMENTS WHERE ONE, OR FEW, OR MANY, EXERCISE THE SUPREAM COMMAND FOR THE PUBLICK UTILITY, EACH OF THESE ARE THE RIGHT FORMS OF GOVERNMENT.

Ὅταν μὲν ὁ ἐς τοὺς πολλοὺς, ἢ οἱ πολλοὶ πρὸς τὸ κοινὸν συμφέρον ἀρχασι ταῦτας μὲν ὀρθὰς ἀρχαίας εἶναι πολεῖταις. *Ar. l. c. 7.*

He had no Notion that Monarchy was a Tyranny, nor any Government so, where the publick Utility was the Scope and End of that Government; nor does it follow, that where one Man governs, that his Scope or his Interest can be to destroy Liberty and Property: This is the most depraved Government, which, at the End of this Chapter, he distinguishes from a lawful Monarchy, and calls a Tyranny.

This brings us to the Dispute before us, Tyranny is a Power acting in Opposition to the common Utility; it is a political robbing the natural Treasury of Liberties and Benefits, in which every Man has his just Share: This I call specifical Tyranny, and may be exercised by one or more.

But in Society, there must be fixed Laws and Methods to procure and defend these natural Rights: for tho' it is Injustice to rob one single Person, the injured shall not



erect a Court, and be a Judge in his own Case; and, under Pretence of Injuries, confound the publick Peace: Nor shall more pretend to what one Man has no Right to do; for all Society suffers, when Ways, Means and Methods are confounded, and have no certain Rule: Opinion has no Rule, but Right and Justice have; and we must never subject the common Utility to Caprice, and to Turns of Humour: If the common Opinion calls one Man a Tyrant, tho' it may be true, the Consequences are too fatal to the publick Utility to try that Prince by common Opinion: It is more for the publick Good to suffer in some Measure, than to advance the illimitable Tyranny of Opinion; for Opinion submits to no Laws, no Rules; and therefore is the common Enemy all Laws are contrived to guard against: Opinion makes Precedents, and those Precedents are too often destructive of even Liberty itself, for whose Sake they are pretendedly made.

To conclude, when Tyranny can be regularly come at, I shall never interpose to save it; but I would rather forfeit all my private Utility, than let in Opinion upon Society to do Justice, when we have so many Instances what Mischief it has done in the World.

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## ADVICE XIX.

### NERO'S Munificence to TACITUS.

**T**HE surprising News came this Week to *Parnassus*, that the Emperor *Nero* had sent *Cornelius Tacitus* 25 Mules Loads of Gold. The *Virtuosi* were astonished at the Richness of the Present, and eroded to *Tacitus's* House to know the certain Quantity of the Treasure, and the Cause of so great a Donation: The Sum appeared to amount to 1,250,000 Crowns of Gold; the Reward of the extravagant Praise the Historian had given him, that he had not *INFRASAERVOSE INGENIUM*: That his Sense did not stoop to his Inferior, Tac. An. lib. 13. The chief *Literati* said, *Tacitus's* Merit exceeded the Richness of the Present, for the Panegyrick, That *Nero's Genius was not subject where it ought to command*, was beyond the Estimation of Riches, and, unhappily for the World, in the Power of few Princes. On the other Side, the *Literati* of the meaner Class imagin'd *Tacitus's* Merit was really overpay'd; and publicly reflected upon this heroical Action, as an Instance of the Prodigality and Profuseness of that Prince, and proper only to those injudicious Monarchs, who squander without Measure, instead of being virtuously liberal: mov'd therefore by Envy against *Tacitus*, more than Affection for *Nero*, they told him, The Majority of the Learned there could not approve of so profuse a Reward for a few Words, that could not come in Competition with what the Historian in other Places had said so much to his Prejudice. To this *Nero* answer'd, That the best

Painters



Painters set off their Lights more agreeably by Shades; so the impartial Historians, by the Shades of Vices and Imperfections in their Heroes, eternize, and lay down in the strongest Colours at the same Time their true and undoubted Virtues; for there cannot be greater Invectives than Flattery affords; and an affected concealing Defects too often, join'd to the Nature of Man, which, set in a true Light, give Credit and Glory to the incorrupt Historian: He was therefore very much obliged to *Tacitus*, who by that one single Truth had overbalanc'd all his Scandal; for certainly that mean Imperfection in a Prince, or rather detestable Vice of Subjection to his own Servants, would alter his most exquisite good Qualities; so that the knowing how to be Master when he was one, set off a Prince beyond some Imperfections, by the Advantage of so illustrious and exalted a Virtue. There is a great Reason in this Opinion; for it is not to be express'd how unfortunately mad the poor Chymist was, who ruin'd his Fortunes in Alembicks and Furnaces; and for his imaginary Wealth deserv'd the real Confinement of a Chain: So a Prince was equally the same, who could turn a Servant into a golden Ox, and worship the Idol himself had made.

## OBSERVATIONS.

**I** Cannot but agree absolutely with *Boccalini* in this Opinion, that it is Merit enough in a Prince, to have *supra Servos Ingenium*: An Expression in *Tacitus*, like a rich Ore from whence a whole System of Politicks may be extracted; for tho' it is capable of different Senses, they are all good: I have translated it one Way, tho' it may be taken in a great many more. By *Ingenium* he may mean the Spirit of the Prince; that it was not servile, or below the Character of an independant Monarch; for the Spirit of a Man that is in him often over-rules and informs the Tenement of humane Nature.

The Spirit of a Man pushes forth every Thing great and virtuous; and, for want of that Spirit, I have known Understanding subside, and good Sense hide its awful Beauties before Blockheads and presumptuous Coxcombs: I have known a Spirit push forth raw and immature Fruits, beautiful only to the Eye, and deceitful to the Taste, and the most glorious Qualities, lie conceal'd, for want of that energetick Fire to give 'em a prolifick Virtue: It is therefore very necessary for a Man to know that he has, as to enjoy good Sense; for there are two Ways by which a Man comes up to any tolerable and useful Character in practical Life, to think and to act well: If you are never so judicious, and your Consequences firm and infallible, if you submit to the prevailing Force of Assurance, or to the Arts of Flattery



tery or Design, you betray the Powers of Reason: And this is a Farce. Princes are subject to, who, in the Height of their Power, stoop to those they have sometimes a double Right to command.

For my Part, I despise the empty Shadow of Greatness. I have seen a Lord Mayor of *London* ride with great Pomp through the City, just as you see the Statue of *Justice*, dress'd up with all the Accoutrements of Grandeur and Magnificence, to dazzle the Eyes of the Vulgar; and tho' his Lordship may have good Sense, and very good Qualities, there is a little Minister at his Side call'd an Attorney, who directs the whole Machine of Justice, and distributes Law to that great *Leviathan* the City: I have seen this active Minister use his Master like a Trunk to speak through. I told one of these *Pretors* once, upon such an Occasion, *My Lord*, if you had Spirit equal to your Grandeur, even a Minister of State could not stand before you, much less this Fellow.

I conclude, Spirit with Greatness frights every ominous Bird from the Branches thereof; they will not prune their Wings and dung upon the Bark: This puts me in Mind of a Fable taken from an old *Egyptian* Mythologist; that when the World was in its Infancy, Trees, Shrubs and Plants had Sense, Wisdom, Language and Understanding, as well, if not in a greater Perfection than Men: The Nymphs and Satires of the Woods sent up a Petition to *Jupiter*, that he would destroy that communicative Faculty of Speaking, and the Sense to do Mischief in the vegetative Species, otherwise no Comforts of Solitude could be expected to the Divinities in any Shade or Covert-Walk: *Jupiter* immediately granted their Request; and to this Time Trees neither think, nor speak.

There flourish'd upon the Plain, for many Ages, a venerable Oak, admir'd at once for Wisdom, and for Shade; it dropp'd balmiferous Dew from its Leaves upon the Surface beneath, that gave recruited Vigour to each Sore of Grass, and Beauty to each Flower: It suffer'd no Ministers of the Air to lodge upon its Branches, and no Beasts of Prey below would venture to take Cover under its Boughs.

But when this sudden Damp, by *Jupiter's* Decree, came upon the whole vegetative Kingdom, the Monarch thereof kept his Grandeur some Time, tho' he had lost his Power; the Birds at a Distance could not perceive his Want of Sense, nor the Beasts his Inability to revenge Affronts, and to shew vindictive Justice. Thus he stood, as *Dryden* lays:

Thoughtless, as Monarch-Oaks that shade the Plain,  
Spread in solemn State supinely reign.

It happen'd upon a Time a Blast of Lightning seiz'd upon one of the most flourishing Boughs, and left most dreadful Marks of celestial Fury behind; a Raven perceiving the Passiveness of the Oak under this Misfortune, wisely concluded it was either insatuated, or senseless; it was either struck by Heaven with a Stupor, or could not feel. She gave Notice to the whole feather'd Species, who resorted to view this wonderful Instance of unfortunate Grandeur; the Monarch could neither speak his Wrongs, nor think them; the Birds were amaz'd, at once afraid to approach, and ashamed to go back:

a neigh-



a neighbouring Church began first, by sending a saucy Jackdaw to lodge upon the blighted Branch; when he found all was safe he grew more saucy still: And, encourag'd by his Example, all the Lay-Powers broke in upon the infortunate Oak; his chief Ministers erected themselves into the Places of Convenience; according to their Trades, Occupations, and different Natures: The Jackdaw brought her whole Nest of unfledg'd young ones, and lodg'd them in the hollow of the Trunk till they were full fledg'd, and had Power with their Wings to fly away; the Fox burrow'd under the Root, and the Hern propagated a numerous Family of long Bills and sharp Claws in Nests above.

The Moral is very evident, that thoughtless Princes may be at first admir'd; when their Weakness is found out, they become a Property to every Bird of Rapine and Beast of Prey.

I conclude, that *Tacitus* taken in this Sense, *That a Prince ought to have a Spirit above his Servants*, is very right; for a Prince of an inferior Spirit is upon a Level with one of an inferior Understanding: for Wealth and Wisdom equally require Discretion to make 'em useful in their Turns; and Parsimony in the latter never fails of making a Man of Sense a miserable Fool.

But to take *Tacitus* in another Meaning, *That he never made his Servants Sense his own*; this naturally enough describes by Opposition those Princes, who borrow Money of the City, and Wit of their Courtiers: *Menante* shew'd me one of these Princes at *Parnassus* preserv'd in Pickle, who departed in the Flower of his Age under the Care of these Court-Parasites, he, with all the natural Pretences to Sense, Honour, Virtue and Courage, dy'd without the Imputation of one good Quality, he being benumb'd with a State-Palsy that confisates all the Faculties of the Understanding: he was very magnificent in his Gifts, yet, the Courtiers having all the Thanks, he might as well have given nothing at all; he was even religious till his Priests sham'd him out of it; and though he lov'd good Men he could never get the Sight of one: I was very curious in viewing the Body of this Prince, and the Structure thereof; I found he had two Valves to his Ears, that open'd inwards, to let in whole Floods of Flattery, and suffer'd none to return back; his Brains and his Nose were made of the same Substance, a soft yielding Wax: *Menante* told me, the Memories of these Princes were exceeding short; their Friends repeated Services never made 'em grateful, nor the most fatal Precedents mindful; nor repeated Acts of Knavery in their Servants cautious. This Character I reflected came very near up to *Tacitus's* opposite, *qui habet Ingenium infra Servos*, whose Sense stoops to their Inferiors; for their Servants want no Memory, nor no Impressions to serve their own Turns, however deficient and impoverish'd the Prince may be.



## ADVICE XX.

*The Virtuosi's Procession to the great Church at Parnassus, to avert a political Plague.*

**Y**esterday being the first of April, in Pursuance of the ancient Custom of the Court there, the illustrious Poets and serene Muses repair'd to the great Church at *Parnassus* with great Devotion, to beseech the divine Majesty, out of his Mercy, to preserve his faithful *Virtuosi* from the pestilential Malignity of the Lies of those Persons, who by Princes were esteem'd honest Men.



## OBSERVATIONS

**N**O Physician is so proper to cure a Malady in others as he who has had good Success upon himself. I catch'd this pestilential Disorder, and had all the Symptoms terribly upon me: I made but a very short Stay at that Place where the Infection most vehemently reigns, and in one half Hour the Poison ran through my Blood, and broke out in fearful Blotches upon my Character, alter'd the Colour of my Skin, and made me outwardly appear what these Courtiers were really within: It's true the Poison discharges itself generally upon the Skin, and the Vitals remain unhurt; nevertheless, tho' a Man may live with this cuticular Disorder, his Appearance at Court is not practicable; for that is a Place where every Thing is corrupted, except the Skin, and at the Tan-Fits at *Parnassus* nothing is so beautiful and fine as the Skins of those Knaves who have liv'd at Court even to an old Age.